

MCGILL DAILY

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Daily photo by BILL EWING

TACTILE STIMULATION: The First of weekly "group sensitivity" sessions was held last night at Hillel. 50 people showed up, half of them girls who didn't quite get into the tactile spirit. Apparently, breast stroking is over-sensitizing.

Return to caucus?

SSU to decide today

by GEORGE BEILER
Senior Staff Reporter

The crisis in the Sociology department will be discussed at an emergency meeting of the Sociology Students' Union this afternoon. All students taking a sociology course are members of the Union.

At the meeting, students will be asked whether they wish to return representatives to the sociology caucus.

On Monday, faculty members dissolved the caucus, and on Tuesday, they invited students back on the body.

The SSU meeting will be held in Union 327 from 1 to 3 pm.

If the students vote to return representatives to caucus, the body will face the sticky problem of finding a new form of departmental government.

The caucus has operated on a consensus procedure, which has been condemned by both sides.

Caucus will also be asked to

Change of Course

Change of course forms will be available from Monday January 19 to Monday January 26 in Room 111 Dawson Hall for Arts and Science students - and Room 36 Purvis Hall for Management students. This applies to "B" courses only.

consider the possible hiring of two junior professors whose rejection by student members of caucus sparked the dispute.

On Sunday, faculty members decided to hire one of the new

professors without student consent.

This action was reversed at the same time students were asked back on caucus, leaving the

(Continued on page 7)

CTMOU suggests tsetse plan

by ARNOLD BENNETT

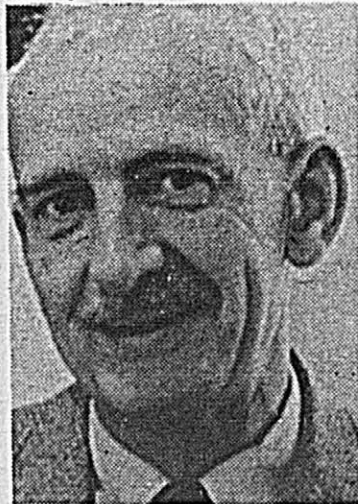
The Committee on the Twelve-Month Operation of the University has submitted in its final report that McGill University institute a regular summer school program immediately.

At the same time the Curriculum Review Commission in its report released yesterday has recommended that a two-semester credit system be adopted. Students would be granted degrees on the basis of credits - a determined number being assigned to each course - rather than on the basis of completed years.

Emphasis was placed by the CRC on the importance of French in the university. It was urged that for non-francophones, extensive French language courses should continue to be offered for credit.

At the same time the CRC, chaired by Arts and Science Vice-Dean Colin Gordon, advised that the system of academic faculty advisers, at present limited to freshmen and honours and majors students, be extended to include all other students.

Students would be advised by faculty members from the departments in which they had most of their courses, and would change advisers if they decided to change programs. It would be the advisers' job to approve three-fifths of each student's work load and affirm that it fits into an announced program.



COLIN GORDON
Tsetse

Students, however, will be allowed to work out their own individual programs of courses with their advisers. Furthermore, the CRC recommends that there be no compulsory courses.

The Committee on the Twelve-Month Operation of the University also chaired by Dean Gordon, has recommended that the seven-week summer school offer intensive courses, but that no more than two full courses (20 hours per week) be taken by any student in one session.

Most departments in the large faculties will be encouraged to offer at least two courses in each summer session.

CTMOU also recommends that if the summer school proves popular and workable, a Two Semester-Two Summer School (Tsetse) should be instituted. This system would allow acceleration of students and still leave a two-month summer recess.

The Tsetse system would permit a hard-working student to complete a 15-course BA or BSc program in less than two years after CEGEP. The CTMOU advised that this suggestion be re-examined after at least one year of successful operation of the summer school.

Principal choice: not for students

by ELLEN BECK

All student representatives will be removed from the Principal Selection Committee, Students' Council decided in its meeting Wednesday night.

The Board of Governors stated during their last meeting that the selection committee would act only as a screening committee for applicants, and that the Governors would make the final decision.

According to Martin Shapiro, External Vice-President of the Students' Society, the committee has little power in this situation and consequently, there is no purpose to having students on the committee.

Two more student representatives will not be added to the Chancellor Selection Committee, according to another motion passed at the meeting.

Council's position is that since most of the committee's decisions have already been made, the contributions of two additional student representatives will not make any significant difference.

"We would not want people to have the mistaken idea that students have had equitable representation throughout the committee's deliberations," stated Shapiro.

Council also decided that the practice of barring all "Maoist internationalist" groups from meeting in the Union would be continued.

A request for legal aid was presented to Council by representatives of the group of Sir George students arrested last year during

the occupation of the computer centre.

Council passed a motion emphasizing their right to a fair trial and legal aid, but refrained from making any financial commitments.

Drug pushing halt endorsed

Drug pushing will no longer be tolerated in the Union.

A motion passed at the Students' Council meeting Wednesday night states that all those participating in drug pushing, panhandling, theft, the molesting of other persons, and general troublemaking will be barred from the Union, and if they persist, "drastic action" will be taken.

Drug pushing in the Union, as long as it did not bother anybody, has been tolerated for the past three years, according to Dave Young, Internal Vice-President of the Students' Society.

"Even the RCMP didn't object," declared Young. "They would only act if someone filed a formal complaint."

Young admitted that there are RCMP plainclothesmen present every day at the Union.

By the end of last year, according to Young, problems had begun to arise. Pushers were becoming aggressive and were virtually molesting people, he alleged.

The RCMP started to receive complaints about the pushing.

"The pushers were exploiting the privilege of pushing at the Union," Young said.

"A fight at the end of last term over the control of the drug market in the Union was one of the major factors in our decision to stop the pushing," he continued.

(Continued on page 7)

Daily Staff

There is a very important meeting of the Daily news staff in the office at 1 pm today. All the reporters must attend.

In addition, new staffers are urgently needed. Anyone wishing to work for the Daily should come to the office at 1:45 pm today.

Banned group joins ISA

by BETTY PALIK
Senior Staff Reporter

The Indian Progressive Study Group was admitted into the International Students' Association yesterday. It is one of several groups that was barred from holding its meetings in the University Centre by the Students' Council two days ago.

The ISA is a constitutional member of the Students' Society. According to Julius Grey, President of the Students' Society, the IPSP applied for membership into the ISA so that it could circumvent the Council's ban.

"The suspension of the IPSP is still on," declared Grey. "They will be prevented from holding meetings of their own in the Union building."

Grey said that he was certain that this group, like some of the other banned organizations, is planning to use the ISA as a front for holding its meetings.

"If it is discovered that an ISA meeting is indeed nothing but a meeting of the IPSP, all the necessary action will be taken," stated Grey. "If there are no other alternatives, the police will be called in."

The ISA admitted the Indian group, but not without considerable debate. The motion was passed 7-4. There are more than 23 national clubs in the association. Paul Chiu, Vice-President of the ISA, pointed out that the meeting was ridiculous because of the poor attendance.

Some members questioned the role of the ISA. In its constitution, the ISA is declared a non-political association.

Peter Shiu, President of the Chinese Students' Association, expressed the belief that the IPSP wishes only to propagate its political beliefs and that such an organization does not fit into ISA's non-political policy.

Devinder Garewal, representative for the IPSP, asked the ISA to consider what his group can contribute to the association rather than its political purposes. He said that the IPSP can be a forum for meaningful discussion.

The following groups have been forbidden to hold meetings in the Union: Internationalists, McGill Student Movement, McGill Student Front, Indian Progressive Study Group, American Student

Society, United States Student Society, McGill Association to Support Viet Cong, McGill Association to Support NLF, and the Afro-Asian Youth Movement (Anti-Imperialist).

Julius Grey addressed the ISA Council and explained why the Students' Council took the decision it did concerning the organizations mentioned above.

Frank Costi, Building Manager of the Union, had been "roughed up" several times, observers had been forcibly removed from their

meetings and there had been extensive property damage.

Arnold August, PhD 3, and Eric Hoffman, BSc 2, are member students of several, if not all, of the above organizations, and they are facing trial for allegedly beating another student, Stephen Wohl.

The Iranian Students' Association had also been one of the banned organizations, but this was due to an error on Council's part, Grey said. He personally apologized to ISA and to the Iranian Students' group.

Around McGill

Bourassa's the one

The McGill Liberal Club has come out solidly in favour of leadership candidate Robert Bourassa, revealed Club President Ed Fine yesterday.

At a general meeting held Jan. 14, over half the members were present to cast their votes for the three contenders for the Liberal leadership.

By winning the poll, Bourassa has gained the seven delegate votes of the club.

According to unofficial results, Bourassa, with 30-odd votes, had a wide margin over his nearest rival, former Justice Minister Claude Wagner, who received three votes.

Pierre Laporte, the third contender for the leadership, placed last, with only one vote.

Fine expressed his satisfaction with the results.

"The members came out for Bourassa because he is the most competent candidate, and can attract the best team," said Fine.

He noted that Bourassa has tremendous popularity, at least in urban areas. The president admitted that, to his knowledge, Wagner is more popular in the rural regions in the province.

Seven members of the club were chosen to be delegates at the convention in Quebec, which begins today.

Those elected were Ed Fine, Jules Lewy, Stephen Lafferty, Irwin Liebman, David Quick, Ian Solomon and Mary Rozestraten.

Students gain reps

The number of student representatives on the Selection Committee for the new warden of Royal Victoria College has almost been doubled.

Students will now occupy five places on the 17-member committee, instead of their former allotment of three places on a 15-member committee.

Barbara Mattson, a member of the Students' House Committee of RVC, commented, "This is a wonderful development. Students have the biggest stake in the choosing of their warden, and should be given at least this much power in the making of the final decision."

Representatives from the Senate are John Henderson, assistant professor of medicine; Valerie Pasztor, assistant professor of zoology; and Alan Ross, professor of paediatrics. From the McGill Association of University Teachers are Michael Herschon, associate professor of math; Rose M. Johnstone, associate professor of Biochemistry; and C.D. Solin, Arts and Science Dean of Students.

Alumni members on this committee will be Mrs. C.H.T. Hulme, Miss Margaret Phillip and Miss Linda Fennie. Members from the Board of Governors have not yet been named.

Ex Pot ed's dismissal to be discussed

The reasons for the dismissal of the former editor of the Plumbers' Pot, Devinder Garewal will be discussed in an open meeting of the Engineering Undergraduate Society later this month.

The open meeting was called as a result of a petition signed by 53 Engineering students requesting an explanation for Garewal's dismissal.

The petitioners are not asking for Garewal's reinstatement. Michael Hutton, B Eng IV stated, "I don't like the idea of power play politics. I don't know if I want Garewal back but I don't like the way they got rid of him."

Allen Gandell, Internal Vice-President of EUS, replied, "Hutton is a stupid idiot."

Arbitrary Notice

As of today, all paid advertisements to the Daily must be submitted 40 hours before the paper appears on campus. Today column items must be submitted 20 hours before.

In addition, campus organizations are requested to submit press releases to the News Editor in advance of any event they want covered.

Principal Selection

The Nominations Committee of the Board of Governors of McGill University is calling for suggestions of candidates for a new Principal of the University.

These should be addressed to J. H. Holton, Secretary of the Board of Governors, and sent as soon as possible, but before Feb. 15.



Friday Nite Discotek

Union Cafeteria - Friday
16th - 8:30 pm - Reggae -
Soul - Calypso - Drinks on
sale! - Guys 50 cents - Girls
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STARTING TODAY

Two classical comedies by everybody's favorite dirty old man

Continues from 1 p.m. W. C. Fields and Mae West
MY LITTLE CHICKADEE FOR ALL

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Tonight at Midnight

The cast and music of San Francisco's production of "Hair". The free university as a durable alternative. Rochdale College. Loyola. Apartment living in Montreal, if you can find a place. Plus the usual array of trivia, nonsense, absurdities, inanities and other sundry offerings. The entire effort punctuated with the kind of music guaranteed to make you stay up until six in the morning.

Ottawa March planned

by ARNOLD BENNETT

The McGill Moratorium Committee is suspending operations this month in order to plan for a nation-wide march on Ottawa Feb. 13-14.

"The time is ripe," declares a Moratorium press release, "for the Canadian people to show their abhorrence of their government's policy of abetting American intervention in the Vietnamese struggle for self-determination."

The marchers will demand an embargo, such as the one which neutral Sweden has already imposed, on all Canadian weapons shipments to the United States. The Moratorium Committee claims that armaments sales to

the United States under the "Defence Production Sharing Agreements" have risen from \$166 million in 1964 to \$370 million at the time of the last estimate in 1967.

Furthermore, an embargo on nickel exports, of which Canada is the largest supplier to the U.S., would "break the back of the U.S. war effort," the release quotes Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau as saying.

Chemical warfare equipment and the defoliants charged with the birth of deformed Vietnamese children have also been developed or tested in Canada, charges the Committee.

The Committee will also demand "an official Canadian government stand opposing the American aggression in Vietnam and calling for immediate, complete, and unconditional withdrawal of all American military personnel from Vietnam."

Charging that the Canadian members of the International Control Commission have never reported American violations of the Geneva Agreements, that they have covered up for the Americans, and that they have acted as informants for U.S. intelligence, the Committee will demand Canadian withdrawal from the "corrupt and ineffective" ICC.

A more lenient treatment of American war resisters seeking refuge in Canada will be the fourth main demand.

Committee members have been attempting to obtain participation in the march from all concerned sectors of Canadian society. For example, workers at Aviation Electric, picketed during the December Moratorium, were asked to wear black armbands, write to their MP's condemning the war, and come to Ottawa for the march.

Also planned for Ottawa is a teach-in, to feature such renowned speakers as Dr. Hans Morgenthau, Dr. Alje Vennema, Chester Ronning, and Michel Chartrand. The Committee will also try to involve Canadian politicians of all parties in the protests.

L'Association des Vietnamiens Patriotiques au Canada is planning a Vietnamese-style party at McGill Feb. 6 to raise funds. Fearing violence or obstruction of the event by right-wing Vietnamese elements in Montreal, members of the Association have suggested that security guards be hired to keep out unwelcome intruders.

It is still uncertain to what degree the South Vietnamese students will be participating in the Ottawa demonstrations. The federal government honours passports issued by the Saigon regime, and as a result there exists the danger that, if these students' passports are revoked by Saigon for engaging in political activity, they may be deported.

Meyer meets opposing sides

by EVELYN SCHUSHEIM

The first meeting between McGill Law Professor Perry Meyer, the Loyola administration, and the Loyola Faculty Association, took place yesterday afternoon at the college.

Professor Meyer constitutes the Québec Education Department's one-man committee to investigate the current problems at the Jesuit-run institution.

Although the participants in the meeting have decided not to reveal any of the matters discuss-

ed, Professor Meyer did say that he was optimistic with the progress that was made at today's session.

The participants in the meeting were Father Malone, President of Loyola; Mr. Slattery, the college's lawyer; Professors Trudel, Krakow and Sugden, representing the Loyola Faculty Association; and Professors Mulroney and Savage, representing the Ad Hoc Association of Loyola Professors.

Students were not represented at the meeting but Professor Meyer said that he will meet with them and all other interested parties in the next few weeks.

Another meeting will be held today between the same parties as yesterday.

"The basic purpose of these meetings", said Professor Meyer "is to work out an understanding as to what my job is, and how to dispose of the problems at hand."

Blitz ASUS Pres. by default

Dave Blitz, BA 4, has been acclaimed as President of the Arts and Science Undergraduate Society.

When the nomination deadline arrived last night, no one else

had chosen to run against Blitz in a by-election to fill the vacancy created when Joe Caron resigned his post last November.

After he learned of his acclamation, Blitz said that he would convene a meeting of the ASUS Council next week to review finances and discuss changes in the McGill Free Press, the ASUS mouth-piece.

Blitz will press for a bi-weekly edition of the Free Press devoted entirely to ASUS affairs in order to supplement the social polemics that appeared sporadically last term.

The confrontations with the Students' Society Executive that marked Caron's regime will be played down by Blitz. "My full time should be devoted to the particular problems of ASUS," he explained.

Erratum

In Monday's Daily it was incorrectly reported that French CEGEP graduates would be barred from U-1, the first year of the new three-year university program at McGill.

French CEGEP graduates will not be barred from U-1. However, they will be warned that only a limited program of courses will be offered in 1970-71. No major or honours courses will be given.

Faculty of Music

Faculty Fridays 1969 - 1970
Faculty Symphonic Band

Directed by Professor Alexander Brott

Works by Haydn, Britten-Rossini, Holst, Vaughan Williams,
Chavez, CrestonFriday, January 16
Redpath Hall8:30 p.m.
Admission Free

"Not merely at this point the best film of 1969, but an outstanding film for all time. You owe it to yourself to see it and re-see it!"

—Judith Crist, New York Magazine

**OH!
WHAT A
LOVELY
WAR**

FOR
ALL

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DIRK BOGARDE PHYLIS CALVERT JEAN PIERRE CASSEL JOHN CLEMENTS
JOHN GIELGUD JACK HAWKINS KENNETH MORE LAURENCE OLIVIER
MICHAEL REDGRAVE VANESSA REDGRAVE RALPH RICHARDSON MAGGIE SMITH
SUSANNAH YORK JOHN MILLS
PRODUCED BY **BRIAN DUFFY**
and **RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH**
DIRECTED BY **RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH** PANAVISION
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WHAT IT USED TO BE

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included in Old McGill '70.

Only seven days left to have your
photo taken. Make your appointment
outside Union B-44.

OLD MCGILL '70

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VINYL BOOTS
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An island of tranquility in a sea of...

As the world was preparing and praying for a peaceful and a happy new year, the feudal regime in Ethiopia, taking advantage of the festive mood, chose to celebrate in its own way by massacring students in open daylight, according to reports filtering out under the tight censorship. The regime, however, protested and admitted to shooting only four, mortally stabbing another with a bayonet, and expelling a Reuters news agent on December 31, 1969 for disclosing the facts to the outside world.

The massacre took place following the murder in Addis Ababa of Mr. Tilahun Gizaw, leader of the Ethiopian University Students' Union. Mr. Gizaw was gunned down on the university campus from a car without a licence plate. (Only the Royal Family can drive cars without plate numbers.)

Of all contemporary societies, Ethiopia perhaps presents the greatest disparity between public image and actuality. Controlled by indigenous rulers and relatively free of direct European colonial domination, it has long been revered as Africa's oldest "independent" nation. A halo of peace and tranquility; a small nation preserving its tender autonomy in a troubled world is still the predominant image of Ethiopia. Moreover, its present ruler, Haile Selassie, remains esteemed among modern leaders.

The reality of Ethiopia is exactly the opposite. That Haile Selassie has been, for over half a century, one of the most ruthless tyrants in the world remains a forbidden truth. No tyrant in recent history has succeeded so well and for so long in keeping world public opinion blinded by this falsehood. For the people of Ethiopia, life has been and continues to be one of unrelieved misery and oppression. Seventy-seven percent of the arable land is owned by .01% of the population, and the peasants are obliged, by law, to surrender 75% of their meagre produce to these landlords; 98% of the people are illiterate; 60% of all children die before they are 2 years old; and diseases, generated by poverty and wretchedness, are rampant.

Added to a preexisting feudal tyranny is a neo-colonial domination by U.S. economic interests. To protect their increasing control over Ethiopian resources, the U.S. maintains

on Ethiopian soil, the largest military base in Africa — despite the resolution of the Organization of African Unity whose headquarters are in Addis Ababa (700 miles from the base) asking all member States to remove all foreign military bases. No wonder then, that an American paper (Illinois State Register, January 12, 1964) could state:

One of the most important showdowns between East and West is in the making in Ethiopia. Upon its outcome may depend whether the U.S. loses Africa. The U.S. must stand behind those who have supported it in the past — in this case, Emperor Haile Selassie.

Haile Selassie has always helped U.S. imperialism. Selassie's support of the U.S. in its occupation of South Korea (by sending troops), in its neo-colonization of the Congo and murder of Lumumba (by again sending troops) and recently in its acts of genocide in Vietnam (secret information from Washington to Saigon goes via the U.S. Military Base in Ethiopia) are but a few examples of Selassie's conspiracy with the U.S. Feudal oppression and imperialist exploitation has not gone unchallenged. Several resistance forces, who fought the Italian occupation by guerrilla-warfare, opposed the return of Haile Selassie, from his sanctuary in Britain. Innumerable local leaders were hunted and slaughtered. Several peasant uprisings opposing excessive taxes and expropriation of land were met with ruthless bombing and eradication of entire villages. Another Vietnam is in the making — little known to the outside world.

During the last eight years armed peasant struggles have become extensive. In the provinces of Eritrea, Bale and Borana, a sustained armed peasant struggle has been waged since 1962. The province of Gojjam has also taken up arms against the regime. Similar revolutionary uprisings are underway in Arussi and Harar provinces. In the towns progressive activities of students and workers are met with brutal measures.

As a result of successive clashes between students and the regime's military force from March to October 1969, all schools from

primary to the University were closed. Twenty-five students were murdered, hundreds wounded and more than 2,500 put in concentration camps. In fact, there are more prisons than schools. Alem Bekagne, in Addis Ababa holds 15,000 prisoners, and is the biggest prison in Africa. Adola is the largest forced labor camp outside South Africa.

On November 19, 1969 Dedj Takele W. Hawariat, a war-time hero and an associate Chief Justice was assassinated for having turned against the regime. The Associate Chief Justice resigned from the bench and resorted to guerrilla warfare, convinced that the injustices being committed by Selassie's government could not be corrected through the established judicial machinery.

The student-worker-peasant struggles in Ethiopia received sympathy demonstrations from their student comrades in Europe and North America which culminated in simultaneous occupation of Ethiopian embassies in Stockholm, Belgrade, Moscow, Paris, London, Washington D.C. and Ottawa. Presently 15 Ethiopian students are awaiting trial in Washington D.C. for the occupation of the Embassy there. Following the most recent student massacre, all schools have once more been ordered closed and students have been warned not to leave their families.

A state of seige exists throughout the empire.

Ethiopian Students Association

MCGILL DAILY

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LETTERS

Ramblings on a gone goose

Sir

The reason for the McGill Martlet execution at a recent

PGSS Council meeting is multifaceted. As a councillor at the meeting I feel that the decision was made because of the poorly worded motions on the floor. This however, could have been avoided by the Martlet's Executive Editor, Melvyn Neiderhoffer, who was asked when he began to speak on the Martlet issue to present a motion stating the needs of the Martlet. He refused to do

so and then proceeded to R-A-M-B-L-E on about trivia for 2 1/2 hours. Few individuals have the personal characteristics necessary to hold the attention of an audience for that long and Melvyn, I'm afraid is not one of them.

Gordon Desbarats, who has shown his editorial abilities in the Daily this week, and Richard Hart, a frequent author to Martlet material, have referred to the

councillors present at the Execution as those who "claim that the content of recent issues would make the Martlet unfit for toilet paper, and then admit that they themselves had not contributed one word to the paper." This, in fact, is not true. Several of the councillors, as well as members of the executive, have written articles for the Martlet in the past four months.

In September '69 I was appointed Managing Editor of the Martlet and since that time have written articles, collected material, and spent as long as six hours at one time at the Printer's proof reading and helping with the layout. But all for what?? Any decision made regarding the paper, including that made by the Editor-in-Chief, was the sole decision of

(Continued on page 5)

LEAN AND HUNGRY

by George Kopp

HALLO STUDENTS!
MY NYEM EES
VEEKTOR LOEWY
AND I AM HEAD
OF CAFETYEEERIA
COMMEETEE. EET
EES I WHO AM REE-
SPAWNIPPLE FOR YOUR
FOOD. IN ORDER TO
DEMONSTRET OUR SPID
AND EFFICIENTSEE, I
AM PUTTINK ON DEES-
GUISE AND ORDERINK
BREAKFAST. WATCH!



HALLO I AM
VEESEETOR!
I WANTCHOOCE,
TWO EKKS, BEKKIN,
TAWST, CHELLY,
COFFEE, AND A
SIDE ORDER OF
GEFEELTE FEESH.
AND MEK IT SNEPPY!
I AM EEN
A RUSH!



OH YEAH?
OKAY.



JUICE! TWO
EGGS! BACON!
TOAST! JELLY!
COFFEE! AND A
SIDE ORDER OF
GEFILTE FISH!
ANYTHING ELSE,
MISTER?



NO, THANK YOU.
BY THE CHWAY,
MY TRUE IDYEN-
TYEETEE EES
VEEKTOR LOEWY,
HEAD OF CAFETYEEERIA
COMMEETEE. FOR
EXEMPLARY QUEEK
SERVEECE YOU WEEN
CAFETYEEERIA COM-
MEETEE AWARD.
CONGRECUATIONS!



THANKS,
BUB.
IF I HAD
KNOWN IT
WAS YOU
I WOULD
HAVE
AIMED
BETTER.





THE REVIEW

McGill Daily Supplement, January 16, 1970

Because of the wave of drug-taking in America in recent years and the great psychological pressures that its currency places on people practicing Zen, it would seem extremely important that Zen aspirants be aware of the relationship between mind-expanding drugs and zazen. Many young people have raised the question of drugs with Philip Kapleau during the past three years. The following article is his considered response to those questions. It is based not only on his experience as a Zen teacher of many former drug users, but also on eighteen years of Zen practice.

Philip Kapleau, prior to his becoming a Zen master, was the bureau chief of the reporting staff of the Nuremberg War Crimes Tribunal.

by Philip Kapleau

The subject of my talk tonight is Acid, Pot and Zen. Please do not infer that I have selected this topic because I think this university is a school where lots of acid heads are 'tripping.' The main reason for this title is to afford me a chance to clear up much misunderstanding as to the similarities and differences between the drug experience and the fruits of Zen practice.

Let me say at the outset that I do not propose to explore the matter of whether the hallucinogenic drugs do or do not cause damage to the chromosomes, the brain or health generally. This is really a medical question and can be left to the doctors and researchers—the intelligent and fairminded ones, that is. Nor do I propose to dispute the view advanced by many that psychedelic drugs have religious significance. The questions to which I shall address myself are: Can these drugs bring, not peace of mind so much as clarity and vigor of mind? Do they free the user from the bonds of ego? Do they enable the tripper to LIVE in the truth of oneness? In other words, do pot and acid, even when taken under ideal conditions and not abused, bring the wisdom and strength to live with zest, compassion and inner freedom in a world which appears joyless, unloving, and violent? Lastly, what is the nature of Zen enlightenment, or satori, and how does it relate to zazen-meditation?

Before going further, let me say that I have never 'dropped' acid, smoked pot or taken any of the depressants or stimulants—

in fact I can't remember the last time I took even an aspirin. What I say to you therefore about drugs derives, not from my own use of them but from what Zen students at the Rochester Center say on their membership applications to the question, "If you have ever taken hallucinogenic drugs, or are now taking them, explain fully;" from what they tell me privately in dokusan about their use, abuse and disuse of the hallucinogens; from my own observations of students who have taken them in the past; and from some reading of the statements of those who have extensively experienced the hallucinogenic drugs.

Significantly, nowhere in the teachings of the Masters of the three great Asian religions of Buddhism, Hinduism, and Islam do we find mind-altering drugs advocated as a means to enlightenment. This is all the more remarkable when we remember that hashish has been known and used for centuries in the Middle and Far East. No doubt individual teachers themselves have smoked hashish on occasion—for a specific purpose. But the weight of religious traditions is against their use. In Buddhism the fifth precept forbids the selling or buying of liquor or drugs (i.e. causing others to partake of them or doing so oneself), for obvious reasons. Hinduism likewise inveighs against their use. So does Islam. Two and a half years ago the Sufi master Sidi Abdeslam, of Morocco, visited the Rochester Zen Center in the course of his first trip to the West. A few non-members with a known interest in Sufism had been invi-

ted to hear him, and in the question period one of them asked, "Do the Sufi masters ever prescribe hashish or other mind-expanding drugs to those on the spiritual path?" "Absolutely not!" he replied with some heat. "Everywhere I go in the United States I am asked this question. It is ridiculous to suppose that any teacher would prescribe a hard course of training if true spiritual emancipation could be had by comfortably smoking hashish or swallowing drugs. Only because they know from their own arduous exertions that there is no easy road to liberation do the masters compassionately advocate the hard but sure way."

Speaking as a Zen teacher, I regard the psychedelics as upaya—i.e., an expedient device for bringing to the path of genuine Self-realization many who would never get there by any other route in our drug-saturated materialistic culture. I say 'drug-saturated' because America's reliance on drugs is unequalled in the history of mankind. "We take pills to pep us up, pills to calm us down, pills to gain pounds, more pills to lose them, pills to avoid conception, other pills to help it. . . millions of Americans can't sleep, wake up or feel comfortable without drugs," reports LOOK magazine. So why not drugs to try to break down the walls of ego for a glimpse of a world beyond?

What lies behind the search for a chemical solution to the problems of life? Clearly, millions of Americans in the latter half of the twentieth century are so painfully tense, fearful and anxious, unfulfilled and estranged, that life can be made bearable only by the swal-

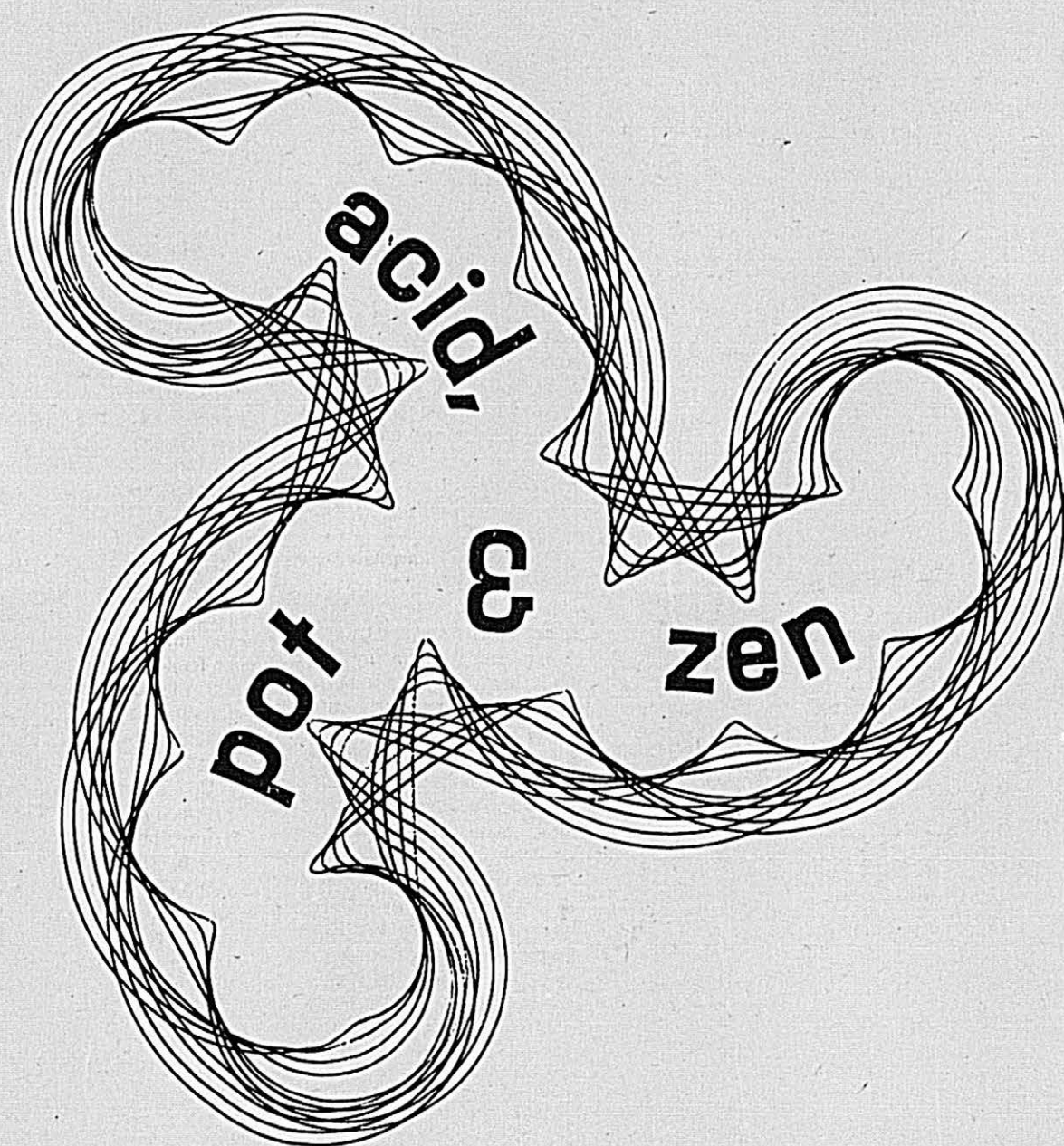
lowing of a pill, the gulping of liquor, the downing of a saturated sugar cube or the smoking of a piece of hemp. The periodic escape into the world of fantasy and ecstasy, quickly accessible through the hallucinogens, represents for many a desperate attempt to FEEL at the deepest level, to overcome the deadening passivity and inability to love stemming from our computerized, dehumanized society with its perpetual accent on consumption.

For the great majority the reliance on drugs is totally in keeping with the American ideal of comfort and ease. From 'the gentle blue pill' that assures social success to the 'relaxing' effect of a high-ball, from Milton to Tired, the use of drugs is presented and swallowed as a means to an easier, more comfortable, more secure and more sociable life. One need only listen to the seductive cooing of a TV announcer urging wives to bask in the pleasures of additional phones upstairs or a new second car because 'you owe yourself this extra luxury' to realize that the 'good,' the 'sweet,' life is the luxurious life, the one affording the greatest amount of sensuous pleasure. Underlying this attitude is the notion that it is senseless if not downright masochistic to endure even small amounts of pain and discomfort when ways can be found to escape or mitigate them.

For a lesser number of young people drugs are an alternative to the 'American Way'—an alternative which holds great attraction in its immediacy and even its romantic aura. The use by this segment of the populace of drugs like LSD and pot also has

the advantage of not requiring faith in an 'establishment' which is regarded with little if any trust as respects its ethics, morality and basic sanity. The mistrust of all who profess to know or teach is undoubtedly a major selling point of such drugs. And while there is no insistence on personal comfort among the drug sub-culture—in fact there is a studied avoidance of it—yet here too the idea that struggle and pain are pointless is implicit.

More than 2,000 years ago the Buddha declared that pain was a fact of human existence, that when we try to deny or avoid it we condemn ourselves to a shallow, joyless life, for pain and joy are actually two sides of the same coin. Pain when not resisted frees the natural sympathy and compassion of our True-nature even as it enables us to experience pleasure and joy in a new depth and purity. Zen Master Dogen has pointed out that anxiety, when accepted, is the driving force to enlightenment in that it lays bare the human dilemma at the same time that it ignites our desires to break out of it. Without anxiety as a spur, says Dogen, we are left to flounder in a shallow life, forever trapped in the dungeon of our compulsive drives and subconscious fears. One has but to read the lives of the patriarchs and lay disciples of Zen who have come to satori-awakening, and of those who have found God in other traditions, to realize that few have had genuine enlightenment without having suffered considerable discomfort and pain. The spiritual heights can no more be scaled by smoking pot and dropping acid than a mountain can be climbed by



looking at a map of it while reclining in an easy chair drinking beer. It is the climbing that brings joy and strength-joy in the release from the bondage of self and mountain, top and bottom strength to LIVE in this realization.

The 'mountain' may be glimpsed in that rare acid trip that can truly be called religious, i.e., transcendental, but what disciplines do pot and acid provide for ascending it, or indeed for

much more than sitting in the proper way. It also involves using the mind in a certain way, i.e., with perfect awareness, stripped of all random and idle thoughts. Performed this way, work too becomes a form of zazen. Sitting zazen and mobile zazen are thus mutually reinforcing. One who sits daily in zazen finds it easier to relate himself totally to his daily tasks, and one who performs every job with total attention finds it

of energy released during them. With acid, however, the release of energy leaves the tripper with a feeling of helplessness, I am told, in an environment over which he has no control. Not understanding what is happening to him, he often panics and freaks out.

At the beginning of my own training in a Zen monastery years ago I, too, went through a period of makyo which were mainly visual. They grew from the paintings of Paul Klee, many of which I had studied earlier in my life. It was not merely the intensity of these fantasies which overwhelmed me. I was the cosmos dyed with the unearthly colors of Klee: I was unity, I was love, I was joy incarnate! Utterly convinced this was satori, I waltzed into my teacher's room at dokusan, elated and triumphant. Hardly had I begun my prostrations when he rang me out of the room. After two such traumatic appearances, I humbly asked why I had been twice summarily dismissed without having even been given the chance to describe my mind state. "Too much ego," was the laconic reply. Even the ecstasy arising from feelings of oneness with my fellow man were dismissed by the Rōshi as nothing more than makyo. If I attached myself to them, he warned, they would block my progress toward true enlightenment.

Zen teaching has always insisted that a purported enlightenment be tested and confirmed by a master whose own enlightenment in turn has been sanctioned by an enlightened teacher. This is because of the great danger to the personality resulting from self-deception. The truth is, it is all too easy for a novice to mistake visions, trances, hallucinations, insights, revelations, fantasies, ecstasies or even mental serenity for satori. Masters of old lashed out at those who claimed to be enlightened yet refused to be tested, calling them 'earthworms living in the slime of self-validated satori.' Since even a genuine enlightenment generates the subtle pride of 'I am enlightened,' the perceptive teacher's job—and it may be a long one—is to help the student wash away this 'smell' of enlightenment through work on subsequent koans or other practice.

Consider, then, the massive ego swell of those who loudly boast of an 'instant' chemical satori. And how ridiculous some of them look trying to act like liberated Zen men—running scared but trying to appear otherwise. The ancient Zen 'zānies' were a different breed. Apparent simpletons, they were actually profoundly enlightened men. Some of them even died standing on their heads to show their scorn of death. Yet they had the deepest affection and were full of tears for their fellow men.

So far we have said little about the nature of Zen satori and drug-induced enlightenment, so called. Now let me try to point out the difference. Timothy Leary and other spokesmen for the psychedelic movement have used the term 'expansion of consciousness' to describe the mind state resulting from LSD and other hallucinogens. In a paper titled "The Religious Experience, Its Production and Interpretation"

which seeks to justify the drug experience as a transcendental one, Leary speaks of consciousness as a biochemical process located in the nervous system. The way to expand consciousness, according to him, is to activate dormant brain cells through hallucinogenic drugs and foods, thereby attaining the transcendental vision, or religious experience.

Satori-awakening, however, is not an expansion of consciousness. True awakening occurs when both the conscious and subconscious minds—or the eight levels of consciousness, to use Buddhist terminology—have been transcended, or 'broken through.' The Mind's eye is opened when all fantasies, hallucinations, images, ideas, thought-forms and feelings have been dispelled. "If the mind is attached to any form or feeling or engaged in conceptual thinking," says Zen master Bassui, "it is as far from true realization as heaven is from earth."

To illustrate the difference between expansion of mind and satori let me use my wrist watch. The face of it would correspond to our life in time and space, to birth and death, cause and effect, karma, ego. The back of the watch, which is void of any marks of course, could be called the changeless or equality aspect of our life, and of this nothing can be posited. One whose awareness extended no further than the senses and the discriminating intellect would be like a person who was totally ignorant of the back of the watch but only recognized the face. Expansion of consciousness would be comparable to 'stretching' or extending the face, if that were possible, but no matter how much you extended it you would still be dealing with the face. Satori is the sudden flipping over of the

reversal takes place. Now it is light, though not as bright as at noon. The sun corresponds to our True-nature and sunrise to a first enlightenment, usually shallow. With continued Zen practice more and more light enters our life and the shadows vanish.

Curiously, many people believe that satori is the same for everyone. They seem unaware that there are shallow satori, deep satori and full satori. A hundred candles lit in a pitch-black cave obviously give off more light than one or two. It is therefore pointless to ask, as many do, "How would THE satori man act in such and such a situation?" as though every satori man would respond in the same way. THE satori man is an abstraction—there are only individual satori men, whose character and personality vary according to the depth of their practice. Zen masters have said, "It is not the quality of the enlightenment that makes the man, but the quality of the man that makes the enlightenment." Satori does not automatically confer perfection. It is merely the foundation of an edifice whose many-storied superstructure would correspond to the perfected character and personality of the spiritually developed individual.

Such a structure can only be erected by years of dedicated zazen upon the solid base of that inner Knowledge which satori confers. In Dogen's words, "There is no beginning to practice and end to enlightenment, or, there is no beginning to enlightenment and end to practice." Practice means zazen. Zazen is the actualization of our inherent Bodhi-mind. Through zazen this Wisdom-eye is opened, and through zazen the defiling dust which clouds this Vision is removed.

coming down (i.e., integrating the awareness into daily life)? When the glow of the 'super-beautiful' trip fades, as fade it must, what alternative does the habitual tripper have but to take more LSD and more marijuana when he must again face the hard realities of life, but now with less energy, less ambition and greater indifference? Cut off from the spiritual struggle which would strengthen him, a passive observer seeing only what a trip will allow him to see, the acid tripper loses his subjectivity and sense of involvement until he reaches a state of total passivity. Like a fellow who when he needs money won't earn it but will pawn his valuable possessions until he goes broke, the man under the influence of hallucinogenics eventually dissipates his innermost spiritual resources. Habitual trippers naturally hope for the beautiful trip, the one interlaced with lovely fantasies and bliss. But sooner or later, like Russian roulette, the tripper hits the live bullet: the terrifying hallucinations, the depressions and the fears bordering on panic.

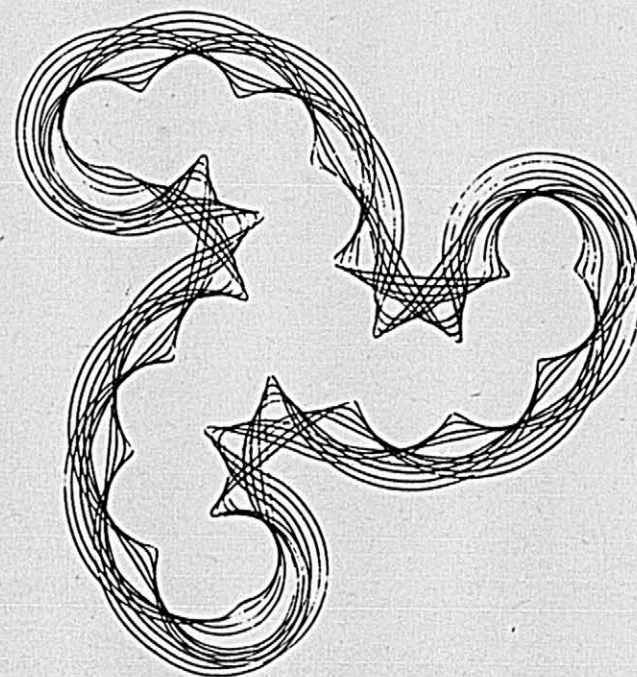
What about zazen? How does it strengthen mind and body? How does it satisfy spiritual aspiration? It does so NOT by making life comfortable but by making men strong. Zazen is a dynamic practice, an intense spiritual struggle. It is a reveille and not a lullaby by which the normally unruly mind and restless body are subdued and forged into a single instrument to penetrate the barrier of the five senses and discursive intellect. Zazen demands energy and a finely-honed mind-requisites for effective zazen and at the same time by-products of it. The cross-legged lotus posture is desirable but by no means indispensable here, for zazen is

less difficult to empty his mind during zazen-meditation. By gradually banishing the notion of an ego-I which is the source of all our griefs and sufferings, zazen in time brings the indisputable Knowledge of who and what we are and of our relation to our fellow men. This is true enlightenment.

Zazen is difficult to begin but satisfying to carry on. Drugs are comforting at the start but sheer hell in time. In zazen body and mind are unified and energized, the will strengthened. With the hallucinogens, body is weakened, the mind dulled, energies drained, and the life force gradually destroyed.

To be fair, I should mention that there is a stage of practice when the Zen student may also experience illusory visions, fantasies, and weird sensations. These are known as makyo, the literal meaning of which is 'diabolical phenomena.' They may range all the way from simple intensified visual and auditory sensations, feelings of sinking or floating, or experiencing one's body as a melting substance... to penetrating insights, visions of God or Buddha, or clairvoyant power. But the dull uncomprehending look, the glassy stare, the zombie-like gait, the feelings of insanity and suicide of the bad trips—these types of makyo are unheard of in Zen. Furthermore, students who have dropped much acid in the past have makyo of a more gruesome nature and their makyo in general last for a longer period and recur more frequently than do those of students with little or no history of drug use.

A competent teacher will calm a student's mind when makyo arise by pointing out their nature and significance and teaching him how to control and constructively channel the vast amounts



watch like this. Now for the first time you realize that a watch actually consists of a face PLUS a back.

Or to take another example. Consider the sun just before it comes above the horizon. Streaks of light appear at dawn, but the basic condition is darkness. The darkness would correspond to ignorance or ego or delusion, the streaks of light to insights, visions, psychic powers or 'expansion of consciousness.' But the prevailing condition is still darkness. Once the sun rises above the horizon, however, a

The aim of Zen training is not ecstasy but Knowledge of the meaning of birth and death. This Knowledge brings tranquility, equilibrium and a joyful freedom from self. In Japan I knew an old woman who had practiced Zen for some twenty years. Her friends called her 'Sun face,' so radiant was her smile, so selfless her presence. Can pot and acid produce such people?

This text first appeared in ZEN BOW, the periodical of the Zen Meditation Centre of Rochester New York.

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LIVID THEATRE

by guy sprung

Dramatis Personae, 114 W 14th St. a small door and a narrow flight of stairs, turn left, open and enter through a low frame. "The most artistic use of nudity on the New York stage" Gro-

towski", that's what the ad in the Times had said. "The Sound of a different drum. Now in its second smash year".

It is your first time in New York and you've always wanted to see a nude show, so you enter through the low frame, down a ramp and walk up to the desk. She's sitting there, the receptionist with a pink chiffon see-through robe. On the desk beside her: a stick of burning incense, and a lamp with a red shade; there is only one other light in the room and it too has a red shade.

"Sprung" you say, "Steve Baker said over the phone I could have two press comps". "Oh" she says and a wave of wrinkles passes over her face: it is a smile. "Is she fifty", you wonder as she hands you two pieces of paper with the words 'Guest' in felt-pen ink printed on them.

Her face glows red, it seems to have little make-up on; the natural look; her baggy teats can be made out, her stringy straw-blond wig hangs down past her shoulders; a few tufts stand up in the air.

"A-hmm" you say, "when does it start, at eight?"

"Well at eight we have entertainment in the lobby, the play only starts at eight-thirty", her voice is a sibilant whisper, breaking every now and then to a rough vibrating one.

"You can go out again or wait here".

"Thanks"- you say having noticed a Pizza joint just on the corner, you go back down the stairs.

The Pizza in New York is thinner, the taste more unified, and when you cut it, the cheese does not slide off the crust.

Twenty minutes have passed when you re-climb the stairs and re-enter the red scented room. Some guy with hair hanging over his nose, and pimply cheeks is sitting in the centre of the lobby on a large hummock playing Bob Dylan, badly.

In the meantime an audience has gathered, middle-aged with large pot-bellies, one guy has thick glasses, a funny look and his tongue is protruding slightly, that one there must be 75, he can

hardly walk; they sit in a circle around the hummock, carefully avoiding each other's eyes.

A small young spade chick in see-through chiffon comes out and spreads herself out on the hummock. With one hand while lying down, she starts to take her robe off. "Oboy nudity" you say, visions of arabian orgies, you want to reach out and touch her. With the other hand, as the robe passes that point, she carefully places a pillow in front of her crotch, and another to cover her ass. You lean back in your chair, she's left her breasts exposed but has her eyes lowered, another spade is crowding her, trying to hide her nakedness with his body while at the same time sketching her: The Hollywood image of a cool joint, nude bodies, artists, red light and incense.

Finally it is time to go into the theatre. It is just a room, the audience are seated in three rows in an L shape, the stage is merely that part of the room where the audience is not, the houselights like the stage lights are red. The stage seems to be set as the interior of an artist's studio: a phallic-looking sculpture on a podium; somebody's head: the work in progress, on the back wall sketches and abstracts, in the far corner a crucifix, in the centre a bed with leopard-skin blankets - oboy; here to the right a table with a plastic cloth and a pot sitting bullseye.

You think it is about time for the play to start, instead the singer comes in from the lobby and sings two more long Bob Dylans. The two fifteen year old girls in front of you are whispering and giggling. "There we were, giggle. . . giggle. . . he rolled over. . . giggle. . . and his hand. . . giggle giggle giggle. . . he came all over me. . . giggle" etc.

When the song ends our receptionist slides forward her chiffon dress, the red light, her whisper, you bite your lip:

"Welcome ladies and gentlemen to Dramatis Personae. We are an interracial, non-profit group, dedicated to exploring and furthering the new freedoms in theatre, and to furthering the careers of those young artists

who are having a hard time making it on Broadway. The play you are going to see tonight was written by a talented young playwright A. Bell. It has been called a religious play by those in the audience who are church-goers, an existential play by others, and the lovers in our audience have called it a love-play. One thing we do ask the audience is that they remain quiet during the passionate scenes, there are a number of passionate scenes, especially the final one, where a noise from the audience might break the intense concentration of the actors."

Passionate final scene eh? Oboy Oboy I wonder what that could be. The lights dim, first act, the lights come up on the interior of the artist's studio.

One small middle-aged . . . ah . . . man playing a young, angry, virile big, artist, he has a mixture of fake english and italian american (is that it?) accents and a speech impediment.

In one hand he holds a chisel and with the other he fondles previously mentioned statue, behind him in a crucifixion pose stand a number of nude models - christ, the virgin and Mary Magdalene etc. Angry artist is arguing with another, a beclouded spiritual type artist about life. He mentions with his hand tense and voice gutsey how his life and manhood lie in the loins, dangling between the legs. The other artist is fasting, he was brought up having to earn money delivering papers when he was a boy, he believes in denial.

It is a style of melodramatic acting that you remember in your grade ten english class, when your teacher asked a group of you to read a scene from Shakespeare, and by some miracle the group of you were able to overcome the normal embarrassment of grade ten english classes and 'turn on'. A style of acting where every action is patterned to suit the word, little realizing that theatre lies between the words.

During this intellectual argument the virile artist would walk up to one of the female models and smack her on the bum, which

sort of sent things moving like jelly.

Eventually superman dismisses the models, who leave except for the possessor of the jelly-bum who is aptly named Julie who is the mistress of hero and no other than our receptionist-cum-M.C. She is troubled that hero is still sleeping with his wife; two-timing, which starts another quarrel. He: "Why can't we all three live together and the two of us you can suck my cock!" She demurely continues to cook his supper, that is to take the lid off the pot that stands on the table, stir the contents and replace the lid. The act closes with hero stomping his feet, gesticulating with both arms and shouting at the top of his lungs, his eyes blinking: "Get the fuck outta here".

Will Julie come back?

Intermission finds the audience avidly discussing the topic singly and in pairs, you are waiting for the passionate final scene.

Julie does come back. . . but only after a scene in-hell or hades is it? complete with skulls, weird chants, nude dances. . . it is theatrical you do have to admit because there is always the doubt in the back of your mind that, second smash year or not, this semi-religious fanatical group might just be fucked up enough to eat the audience raw.

But the passionate scene arrives, you are temporarily distracted from your fears. Julie and hero are reconciled pretend to kiss and undress each other, she caresses his hairy chest and pot-belly, he, standing about a head smaller than she begins to run his hands over her withered thighs, then, breathing heavily he picks her up and carries her slowly to the leopard-skin bed. He panting, releases her, bounces, doesn't have an erection, she, a strobe light starts, adjusts herself, he follows, flashing, lifts her legs and spreads her knees, hump, on top of her, hump wobbling flesh, hump, a frog balling an elephant, hump, hump, hump, they come in 10 secs, the strobe stops, heavy breathing, the lights dim. Clap clap.

He insists on shaking your hand as you go out the door.

DICK & PAT

WHAT ARE YOU WATCHING, DICK?



WHAT ARE ALL THOSE THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE DOING DOWN ON THE FIELD, DICK?



©1970 JUB FOSTER

WHO'S AHEAD, DICK?



OUR SIDE, PAT.

WHY ARE THEY HOLDING UP SIGNS SAYING "WITHDRAW OUR TROOPS," DICK?



WHICH SIDE IS THAT, DICK?



THE WINNING TEAM, PAT.



WHY HAVE THEY STOPPED PLAYING, DICK?



IT'S HALF TIME, PAT.



WE HAVE TO OUTLAW FOOTBALL.



Dick, Publishers-Hall Syndicate

HERRINGS

of reddish hue

by the segal beast

Oy Vey! What a Christmas. I got a new sweater. I also found out that the last remaining bastion of papist pedagogical proficiency was about to hemorrhage. And not only that, the Pope refused to fly to Montreal to mediate the Loyola dispute.

All of which brings us around to the tale I have for you. I should first explain that it was drawn to my attention that my column has been usurped! Apparently a linotype operator at our photo offset printing plant has been junking my prose week after week and substituting cleverly written animal stories. In other words, you'll never know if I really wrote this or if I'm really me, or if I am really real.

One day a gladiator was walking in the forest and he ran into a toad who claimed to be a preacher from a small southern village in the north of Antarctica. His name was Malone, and he was always seen with his wheel barrow which was inevitably stuffed with leather bound bibles. Now Malone was a reasonable sort of creature. He suffered from the usual hang-ups and doubts of all evangelist toads, and was never known to eat a fly without first blessing it. So when the Gladiator ran into him, he expected the usual sermon on war and nothing more.

Well you can imagine his surprise when Malone came marching down the garden path wearing full battle dress and humming "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition". The Gladiator couldn't resist an inquiry (although he hated getting into theological battles).

"Oh-Toad (I couldn't call you father) why are you thus garbed?" Toad went into a long sermon which went something like this:

"Fourscore and eleven ponds ago our forefathers came from the great parts of the world to spread the good word. Among the faithful were Elvin Bishop, Richie Havens, and John the Cardinal (a converted native). We pledged to build a new world free from strife and geared towards the enlightenment of the millions. So then I started the Paddy Malone University. For a nominal sum all members of the flock could obtain a degree (after the usual required work). I assembled about me the truly great. Scholars from all cultures, all worlds, and All Saints College in Peru.

"For many years the word was spread and nary a contradiction of the Word was to be heard. In truth, I was not afraid (though everyone who touched me got hairy palms).

"Then one day I found myself surrounded by a horde of angry peasants. They were dissatisfied, they said, and were in the mood for a change. I tried to show them the error of their ways but to no avail. "Eat cake," I said. I recited my profoundest sermon, you may remember it: "Friends, converts, degenerates, let them eat cake!" But none would hear the wisdom I spouted.

"Every day I rose at seven and after English muffins and coffee I would wend my blessed way to the University Chapel where I would pray for rain. But Chenoweth would not respond. I finally realized that fire can only be fought with water. "Piss on them," I said, "this is war!"

The Gladiator listened, hypnotized by the powerful croakings of the holy toad. He felt that the world was crumbling about him. What could possibly be worse?

"And worse still," said the toad, "I couldn't find a pail of water. In fact, I suddenly realized that my staff had deserted me. They also had the bad taste to take my rod, and I felt very uncomfortable without arms. So there I was. There was only one thing I could do. I called in the flying squad to disperse the enemy.

The Gladiator was confused. The sermon was not of the usual pastoral, blissful nature he'd grown accustomed to. Toad was over the hill, he figured. There was no choice but to rectify the situation.

Toad butted into his thoughts, "I'll get them, you'll see, NO ONE CAN WALK ALL OVER ME AND GET AWAY WITH IT!!!"

So the Gladiator stepped on him, crushing the life out of the aggravated evangelist, and slipped back into the forest.

BEST TIDINGS

Black and Blacker Comedy:

PUTNEY SWOPE

by jack kapica

For some time after American Slapstick comedy died, almost all American comedy was no more than a shadow of its former self. It had created a genre which did no more than try to parody itself, what with a rash of films that had a white good-guy pitted against a bemousta-chio'd villain (The Great Race, any camp or non-camp Burt Lancaster or John Wayne epic).

Yet somehow this style of surrealistic and moralistic melodramatic supercomedy left an unsatisfying gap in a culture already too saturated with demented violence to admit airy-fairy clearly delineated Us vs. Them comedy. Altogether too frequent incidents of the variety of My Lai thing and the Watts riots proved that we are capable of doing wrong even though GodIs-OnOurSide. And the whole essence of comedy lies in the strongly articulated We is the goodguys and them's is the Bad. What to do with a hero who does wrong?

Bonnie and Clyde was a film that proved that people who kill are also capable of a comic scene (the hamburger scene); in "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" we see a pattern of outlaws who maintain a heroic stature and a camaraderie which would have been joyously labelled homosexual a couple of years ago, and combine these with an unparalleled comic sense. In both these cases the law (which usually represents Us) catches up with the heroes in the end, but with an added stigma; the society which they represent gave our heroes a raw deal to begin with.

But although in both these last two films the heroes and the law ended up as villains, the law didn't look so good either. And right about now it's about time for a reversal. Not everybody can be a hero, in spite of the fact that Us have a righteous philosophy that unfortunately clashes with Them's equally righteous philosophy. One of the first films to realize the potential of Let-'em-all-have-it comedy is Putney Swope. The film is done in Black and Caucasian with parts in Eastman colour, as if to subtly reinforce an almost too heavy handed swope at the racial problem.

Putney Swope is the musical director for an advertising agency; the film opens in a meeting of the board, and sure enough, Swo-

pe is the token on the board. But the rest of the board hardly represents something that can be called beneficent White Power. It is made up of a weakling (son to the director), a couple of hopelessly greedy but ineffectual businessmen, a faceless individual who sleeps through the entire meeting, and an old fogey who drools at the mouth and is so old and stupid that it's a wonder that he outlives the director of the board. The director himself enters and stutters himself into a heart attack which dissolves into a game of charades. With the death of the old man, Putney Swope is elected as president ("because we all thought he wouldn't get a single vote...") and looks at the son of the director (deceased, lying face down on the table) and informs him that his old man was the horse's ass.

From that point, the board is replaced with an all-Black rebel group who start pounding out the most incredible ads (which are seen in colour). Swope turns dictator; he accepts good ideas for the ads and fires the guy with the idea. Swope dons a Fidel Castro uniform and runs the agency like a reign of terror. The decrepit Whites have been replaced by the supposedly vitalistic and energetic Blacks.

This denigration of human revolutionary ideals is perhaps one of the strongest points ever made in recent American comedy. Swope begins by refusing to advertise war toys, cigarettes and booze, ends up by turning cop-out just like the people he repla-

ced; he accepts contracts for cigarettes, war toys and booze. (He himself has all three anyway).

And yet this film is a comedy. It is punctuated by grossities, inanities, four-letter words that hit one from behind (figuratively and literally), lots of lush female anatomy, and occasional abcessions of perversions, cloaked in intellectual symbolism. Not necessarily original ideas, but originally placed: the look on the face of the emcee of the Miss Redneck New Jersey Beauty Pageant is priceless when the winner looks at him and tells him to fuck off.

This element of black comedy (not to be confused with anything racial) is perhaps growing up to be the new metaphor of american humour. There were early traces of it in something that bombed (because of the as yet uneducated public) called "You're a Big Boy Now" with Peter Kastner. And the whole idea of facing up to something altogether too gruesome for even serious consideration with a comic sense is beginning to creep in. Mike Nichols' version of "Catch-22" should be just such a movie when it comes out this fall.

What the Film "Putney Swope" does through the medium of black comedy is to use that language in order to be able to handle a very touchy situation roughly and without a single amount of touchiness that might condemn it for prejudice. In one swell foop it becomes one of the strongest anti-racist statements captured on celluloid.

Editor. Jack Kapica
Associate editors. Louise Abbott
..... Charles Gurd
Fictional Editor. Brian Segal

the Review

BOOKS

GARBER'S TALES OF THE QUARTER

by jack kapica

Garber's Tales From The Quarter.
Lawrence Garber.
Peter Martin Associates.

Canadian writing has been marked by an unfortunate insistence upon socio-political problems within this country. Every pubescent author with a novel-in-a-box sees the struggle of French Canada as a gold mine for a plot with a built-in tension. And you know how they all turn out, the hero is either a Québec nationalist or an Empire Loyalist and suffers an epiphanic catharsis in which he is sadder but wiser, and both sides win. Even Leonard Cohen's "Beautiful Losers" is such a cop-out to this syndrome, with F. turning into a sex-beset version of Jean-Paul Marat.

Of all the novels that have been written with the Québec situation in mind, only MacLennan's "Two Solitudes" remains as the natural paragon for this type of approach. But this novel by now seems to be attached to another era, another time when to say that involvement in the French Canadian struggle was a suicidal one for both sides was a dangerous and new thing to do.

But outside of Québec, much of English writing seems to echo the words of Ian Tyson in his Song For Canada, "Why can't we talk to each other any more?". Fortunately for the more youth-oriented hip authors, this is a very opportune vehicle to operate within, what with generation gaps and global villages at constant war with each other. Robert Hunter, whose "Erebus" presented one of the best examples of youth meeting head-on with experience, was unfortunately largely ignored except by the West Coast literati who feel "in". This parallel struggle, between people who are separated by an incapacity to speak to each other and the Québec incompatibility seems to mark the Canadian identity outside of this province.

Lawrence Garber's "Garber's Tales From the Quarter" has taken this theme, but without Québec. The setting is Paris, and the Quarter-of-the-title is

that charming Mecca for all American dropouts in Paris. And it attracts a lot of them, including Garber (the Garber of the title is not the Garber who wrote the book, insists Garber). He meets in Paris the 1960's version of the whole bloody crew that we all met in Hemingway's "Moveable Feast"; even names like Ford Maddox Ford are reinterpreted by Garber into equally impossible names (Leonardo de Crud/homme-Pervert, Lyle Voyd, E. Bone). And he goes to all the right cafés and smokes a lot of dope.

But don't get the wrong idea about this approach. Slumming in Paris is not all sunshine and French mistresses. The crowd that Garber hangs around with is pathetically funny, depraved, broke, and living in a constant state of doped stupor. Garber himself winds up on the boat to England with a note pinned on his jacket by a nun: "My name is Lawrence Arnold Garber, Canadian, if unconscious please return to Toronto, Ontario, Canada, God Bless."

With a strong influence of Joseph Heller in his episodic form and inverted logic humour, Garber started off with the idea that he would write a short series of sketches about bumming in Paris. He apologizes in a note at the end of the book for having been carried away and writing so much. Although there is no reason for this apology, the novel does suffer from a slight difficulty in its continuity, due primarily to the shuffled arrangement of the short chapters. But there is another continuity, that of the slow degeneration of the individual from Beautiful People Hippie Freak to one of the most pathetic creatures on the face of the earth.

"Garber's Tales" is perhaps one of the most sophisticated pieces of writing to come from a Canadian author in recent years. In spite of its uncoordinated approach, "Tales" presents a refreshing Canadian book without the usual "Canadian" hangups.

LATEST RELEASES

by richard may & frank zylberberg



Creedence Clearwater Revival.
Willy And The Poor Boys:
Fantasy 8397

If you were able to get into the three previous Creedence albums, then this album will also be satisfying to your mind and body. It contains the same ingredients that were put into their other albums and which have made CCR one of the most popular groups among top-forty juke-box freaks and serious music heads alike; a driving rock beat, the grits and jowls vocals of John Fogerty and above all, simplicity. Once again, Fogerty's lyrics are a direct comment on the American way of life, and, as in his previous compositions, it is not necessary to search for hidden meanings. Rumour has it that Creedence have split but who believes rumours these days.

Jethro Tull, Paul McCartney and the Masked Marauders are coming to Montreal next month.



Albert King, Steve Cropper, Pop Staples
Jammed Together:
Stax-Sis 2020

Super-Sessions can give rock musicians a lot of musical space to experiment in. Unfortunately, very few people have taken advantage of this situation, the result often being blundering clashes in both music and personalities.

On "Jammed Together" Pop Staples (Staple Singers), Steve Cropper (Booker T. and the MG's) and Albert King (Albert King) have taken their distinctive styles and blended them into a tasty, ready-to-hear potpourri of music. Their guitar interplay is superb. Albert's slashing guitar takes the lead on most of the cuts with Steve and Pop providing a more mellow background sound.

Most of the cuts are instrumentals done in the traditional soulful Stax-style made so popular a few years back by Carlo Thomas, Otis Redding, Eddie Floyd and scores of others who have since disappeared into... (?) (Perhaps by the end of the seventies we might be hearing from them again in a Soul Revival.) Favourite number—What'd I say (Ray Charles)... Try to stop moving while listening to this one.



Joe Cocker! (A&M SP 4224)

This past summer, during a brief vacation in New Jersey, I happened upon a club called The Oasis, and, to my great fortune, right smack in the middle of "Soul Week". What's more, I was able, after pushing my way through the T-shirt clad youth chugging their Budweisers, to witness an actual true-to-life goldfish-swallowing contest. Not long after, the band made their first appearance, a group from Philadelphia whose name I can't recall. What impressed me about the band was their vocalist, who was able to transcend the Oasis, and lose himself in every song he attempted. The grimaces, the sweat, the never ending footwork, the histrionics, but mainly the guts and part of himself he poured into every song—they were all there. It was really too bad he had no voice at all.

Listening to the Joe Cocker album reminds me of that group, for just hearing the album and seeing the photos of him on the backside of the jacket is enough to convince me that Joe Cocker has the feeling the other guy had plus the voice he lacked. An ad for the album in one of the music mags aptly states, "On his new album... you'll simply hear a 24-year old Englishman singing his guts out... nothing else."

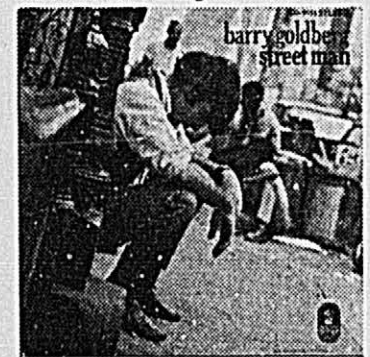
The ten cuts are each gems in their own writ; the arrangements are superb. Cocker (whose voice reminds me a lot of Richie Havens) attacks each one in his vigorous and gruff style, and does justice to each and every one. To choose favourites among the tracks is difficult, but "That's Your Business" written by Cocker and Chris Stainton, the two Beatle tunes "She Came in Through the Bathroom Window" and "Something", and John Sebastian's "Darling Be Home Soon" are the ones I thrive upon.



Blodwyn Pig
Ahead Rings Out
A&M SP 4210

All too often a group of hitherto unknowns will come out with an album, the record encased in a groovy cover with oh-so-cute liner notes extolling the group's virtues, and invariably the record will be a dud. Thus I had apprehensions

on first seeing Blodwyn's first album. The cover contains a picture of a pig wearing headphones, sunglasses, and a butt protruding from its mouth. In fact, it's all so gross, yet so original, that it actually makes it. Anyways, the album is actually good, but if you don't like Jethro Tull, chances are you probably won't like Blodwyn Pig either. The group was formed by Mick Abrahams, former member of Jethro Tull, and the influence is not absent, for many of the cuts, written by Abrahams and Jack Lancaster, alternate between the euphoric exuberance and the tranquility both prevalent in Jethro Tull's style. Abraham's guitar is freer and better than it was during his stay with Jethro Tull, probably because it is now in the forefront, unsubdued, along with the brass arrangements of Lancaster, sultry at the right times, blaringly exciting at the others. A variety of songs including a straight rock number, and a calming ballad, provide the healthy mix characterizing the album.



Street Man
Barry Goldberg
Buddha BDS 5051
and Two Jews Blues
Barry Goldberg and...
Buddha BDS 5029

"Street Man" sees Barry Goldberg assuming the role of Bizarro King Midas, touching bits of gold and alchemically turning them into dust. Song after song, "I Got a Woman", "Hey Jude", "Dock of the Bay", and the others are tastelessly massacred with no mercy on Goldberg's part. Not one contains a spark of life; each is just one void stacked on top of another; shopping centre music at best.

"Two Jews Blues", which I reluctantly played after hearing the other album first, is an improvement, for luckily, Goldberg had the insight to surround himself with competent musicians such as Charlie Musselwhite, Harvey Mandel, Duane Allman and others, plus a delightful covey of backup vocalists sounding like the Sweet Inspirations, or someone. Goldberg's organ shows signs of life at times, and is much better than it was on "Street Man", but unfortunately Goldberg insists on vocalizing on a number of cuts. A great Jewish bluesman he ain't.

TWO SHORTS AT BRONFMAN

by randy roddick

"Great Art serves great Interests" wrote Brecht in 1926, and he further elucidates with "What Interests? The Interests of the soul (Geist) to the extent that they can be traced back to material Interests. This means: that both the audience and the author must be enveloped in those 'great Interests' to produce great theatre.

The Saidye Bronfman Centre is currently presenting a bill of two one-act plays: 'Dutchman' by LeRoi Jones, and Israel Horowitz's 'The Indian wants the Bronx'.

The first is art written by a blackman for blackmen — no liberal statement on the 'negro' problem but: We are going to kill all of you. It is gut theatre, raw theatre, it is not something once removed from reality, but an attempt to be as real as the stage can be.

Unfortunately director, designer, and actors support only a lily-white 'maybe' on their brow, no big black 'yes'. Electronic music, slides (of the Montreal subway yet) no people, no irritating noise, no sweat (it is to be a hot day outside) no smell, no dirt, no prison, just a lot of artsy-fartsy expressionistic setting.

This was especially true of Francis Hyland, the female lead. Now she is undoubtedly a tremendous actor, which is the point, she was too conscious of her acting, she wasn't in New York, her actions, her movements are too professional, too fake.

That plot is a minor essential in LeRoi Jones' play is significant, because plot is a device and devices are unwanted. 'Dutchman' is a spontaneous outburst, an irrational act of violence, a realization of the black self. The classic myth of the Dutchman is altered to that of the blackman condemned to ride the subway until he falls in love with the white man, which will never happen, so he must kill.

The 'Dutchman' is gut. And though we all know that theatre is not real life, yet the actions in

the play are so obviously a result of the physical and social environment; why was the set so sterile, why were there no other human beings on that subway? At the end the blackman's body is carried away by two black-hooded figures. What does Marion André think this is—some sort of trite cops and robbers game?

This was 'Dutchman' for all those Jewish mothers who won't let their daughters go out with a black boy.

I also objected to Vernon Washington as Clay, though to a much lesser degree than to Frances Hyland. An actor needs technique, certainly to translate his feelings into a language that the audience can pick up. When his technique begins to steamroll his feelings, especially those 'black' feelings, then he can no longer play the part of Clay in LeRoi Jones' 'Dutchman'.

Thus the paradox is that, 'The Indian wants the Bronx', the play of 'small interest' was the play which carried the greater impact. It is a well constructed, almost standard play — the two young toughs molesting a tiny aged, Hindu who has been in New York for only 24 hours, is lost and speaks no English. The set of scaffold pipes that in jig-saw fashion encompass the audience work now, as they didn't for Dutchman, the lack of accents is irrelevant, the pace, the movement are excellent and step by step you are led through humour to violence and terror.

Consciously 'theatrical', you accept the performance and are bothered by the content. "This is sick" as one man in a well cut suit mutters as he stomps across the stage to the door. How strange that a good, but harmless play should provoke five people to leave, while the more dangerous statement of the black author, that all white men must die, could touch a packed, 100% white audience, so little.

The Saidye Bronfman Centre or Montreal is too far removed from the black-white problem to produce great art on this subject.

MUSIC

RAMPAL AT MCO

by brian segal

The McGill Chamber Orchestra brought in the new year with its usual aplomb on Monday night. The Featured soloist was Flute Wizard Jean-Pierre Rampal. Included on the programme were: Veracini; Quatro-Pezzi, Quantz; Concerto for Flute in G Major, J. S. Bach; Solo Suite in A Minor, and Albert Roussel; Sinfonietta, op. 52.

Naturally all thoughts were turned towards the impending appearance of Rampal as the sell out audience waited for the evening to begin. Walking through the halls in the lower level of Place des Arts, all one could hear were the words "Flute" and "Rampal". The tension was high, and the audience was primed for what would turn out to be one

of the best MCO concerts of the season.

Unfortunately the atmosphere was slightly destroyed as the Orchestra began the first piece of the evening. The Veracini proved to be rather corny. I don't know whether the score was given a bad interpretation or the music was just too hackneyed to be beefed up (although in light of the rest of the concert I would say the latter), but the ordeal of sitting through the piece was only made easier by the realization that the soloist was next.

I was all prepared for a terrible accompaniment on the Quantz. May Alexander Brott forgive me! The orchestral work was absolutely excellent. There

was a definite rapport between Rampal and the Orchestra, all entries were perfect, and the overall sound was entirely satisfying.

And so went the evening. Rampal's refreshingly different interpretation of the first movement of the A Minor suite confused the audience somewhat, but turned out to be very enjoyable to this listener, at least. As usual Rampal included several "encores" in the programme. And, invariably they included snatches of Telemann, Haydn, and, of course, Claude Debussy's Syrinx.

In general Rampal tends to rush his music. There can be no doubt that Rampal is good come rain sleet snow or earthquake, however there are times when his technical proficiency overrides his musicality. Such was the case in the Courante movement of the Bach. The movement is difficult, and Rampal chose to speed through it in a dazzling technical display. Personally, I would have preferred a slightly slower tempo... gives one time to consider the music as well as the soloist's fingers.

The Roussel was placed last on the programme, and deserved to be the elegant desert of a thoroughly entertaining evening. The MCO has handed their audiences consistently good performances of modern music. I only wish that the programmes would incorporate more modern material. The audiences are always receptive, and the pieces are always well chosen. Hopefully the Orchestra will include more of the same next season.

CRITIC'S CHOICE

Sir George Williams University's poet-in-residence, Frank Davey will speak today at 2:15 pm in room 539-1 of the Hall Building.

Fifth Reading in S.G.W.U.'s Poetry Series — Diane Wakoski on Friday, January 23rd at 9 pm in room 651 of the Hall Building.

Theatre Maisonneuve — January 16th — February 1st. Two showings nightly at 7 pm and 9 pm. Bhakti (Love) is a feature length colour film starring Belgium's Ballet du XXe Siècle, produced by the internationally acclaimed choreographer, Maurice Béjart.

Theatre Port-Royal — January 16th — February 15th. Théâtre du Nouveau Monde presents Ducharme's historical farce Le Marquis qui perdit.



Judy Collins will be appearing at the Salle Wilfrid Pelletier of the Place des Arts next week, Saturday, January 31.

THEATRE

editor's note

Sly and the Family Stone will be appearing at this year's Winter Carnival, along with the Chicago Transit Authority (now called simply Chicago). The Kinks apparently have cancelled at Loyola. Aside from a few sporadic appearances of quality talent, Montreal audiences will not be seeing the kind of shows that seemed to hold

so much promise a couple of months ago. Among those worth catching are Judy Collins, Richie Havens and Led Zeppelin. Also, the Fifth Dimension if you like them. God bless Sam Gesser for bringing Liberace to town.

Next week, The Review will begin a weekly column on the film.



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The workshops were conducted by several eminent psychologists, including Dr. Edwin Henry and Dr. William Owens. The former has been Chief Psychologist of the U.S. Armed Services, and Director of Selection, Peace Corps. The latter is President of the Division of Industrial Psychology, American Psychological Association.

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upon your responses. The compilation of this report involves advanced computer analyses based on thirty years of research.

The BIB could also provide you with professionally selected job opportunities. This is done without charge to you by Career Assessment Ltd. Our staff of psychologists will be recommending lists of people who complete the BIB to various Canadian employers. The recommendations are made only after careful matching of job specifications to BIB profiles have been completed by the psychologists.

BIB will be available in your campus bookstore, along with explanatory material, as of January 21st. Your fee of \$5.00 is remitted to the Foundation to help finance further research. If you wish job assistance as well as a counselling report, your BIB must be postmarked no later than Jan 29th. For more information about BIB, contact your Department of Psychology.

If you cannot get BIB from your bookstore, write the Human Studies Foundation, 50 Prince Arthur Avenue, Toronto 180, Ontario, enclosing \$5.00.

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Caustic Comment

by Ernest Boucher

Ramblings on a dead decade

As the sun set on the violent seventh decade, silhouetting the general hospital in a manner befitting Bergman's Seventh Seal, I made my way up the hill, my head swimming with monoxide drunkenness from the New Year's Eve champagne

spewed by a zillion stalled nincompoops in their iron wombs. I told myself that I may never see a better sunset at the end of the coming decade, if ever I see another one at all. Looking back, I somehow think I'd have done it a bit differently.

The eighth decade we have now entered is the bastard child of the preceding ones, which featured student activism, the hair fetish, deterioration of music into absolute noise, war in the streets, new religious fads, crazy clothing and an awareness

that environmental pollution is World War Three. Student activism got the kids launched toward the Millennial Dawn, but the thing plotted and all they got out of it was the right to smoke themselves to an early death and a few other little things they think is progress. Their emphasis on social action based on Marxian economics fizzled because Marx ain't economics, it's just that ol' time religion again. Nobody bothered to define capitalism as the power to get without giving, so that when the kids launched their salvos against that old bogeyman, the big corporations, they were attacking something that gets as well as gives. The real social parasites got off scot free: the tax collectors, politicians, land speculators, users, stock manipulators, currency speculators, banks, trust and insurance companies and a host of other lesser privilegees.

Another feature was the rejection of the "squares" (over-30 adults) by the Unfinished Generation (adolescents). But fear not; they'll come to their senses soon enough, when they find out where the feedbag's at.

Race relations took a bad drubbing. In North America, racism is a smouldering volcano. The blacks went wrong by turning against the Jews instead of forming a militant alliance. Now all minorities are in for a tough fight to defend themselves against White Trash lunatics. What I'd have done was form a defense corps of Ghurkas, Jews, Chinese and Scots and pledge them to defend the North American Indians. Such a virtually unbeatable army should, I hope, produce a stalemate and obviate future bloodshed.

The North American Indian, meanwhile, could learn where his ancestors went wrong and attempt to reclaim his territories. The picture here would have to be reversed. Studying the Hollywood westerns I find that the Indian's principal shortcoming was his inability to stay on his horse, whenever the Good Guys (the homesteaders heading west) fired off their shootin' irons, which couldn't hit a barn door at 200 yards, let alone a barn. My suggestion is that the Yanks begin all over again by going east and arming themselves with Wells-Fargo revolvers and ball-firing blunderbusses (made in Japan today) and then proceed to go west again. This time the Indians can order the most sophisticated modern weaponry (available from France via Israel) and give it another try. And this time fellows, try to stay on your horses.

The last decade also witnessed a revival of the clerical cynicism spewed by the 19th century clergyman, Malthus, to wit, that population increases geometrically whereas the food supply increase is arithmetical. Looking over pictures of many clergymen of his era, I have no doubt as to where the food supply was vanishing. And judging by the number of "weight-watchers" clubs today in North America

and Europe, my doubts are decreasing at a geometric rate. Furthermore, consider this little gem by a writer in the Montreal Star Weekend magazine: "There's the problem of food and population in India, Africa and South America". The problem, you see, always seems to be where the skin isn't white. So, since God must be on our side, we send our holy crusade against overpopulation into such places as Vietnam and South America, for a start. I'd have done it differently again. I know where the parasites are. I also know that with every non-essential automobile off our streets, we could start living again. Get a bike and a horse. When you tire of the latter, you can eat it. So much for the food problem.

The new religion begun in the last decade (aside from the other passing fads) is called Lunaphilia, and its adherents Lunatics. A trip to Luna gives the apostle the Lunatic world-view that the Earth is a brilliant little golf-ball in the heavens and that sort of thing, which is a radical switch from the manner in which a golfer usually views his balls. This space-age religion differs from the conventional god-saint deal of the anthropomorphic brand only in its modus operandi and somewhat less cynical attitude. The old-fashioned religion maintains that man is inherently evil but that all is forgiven and he's a good boy again when someone offers himself up to be nailed to a tree. What follows is that our forgiven sinners then find the world to be full of sinners waiting to be unburdened, preferably by being nailed to trees, tossed into fires, treated to the rack and candle, drawn and quartered and other such purification processes, and the more modern refinements (thanks to advancing knowledge) such as napalming, defoliating and starving.

Now Lunaphilia, as the new religion, does its thing in a more grandiose manner. It also uses threes and trees, in that there are usually three apostles, rather than one prophet and two thieves as martyrs, and forests are stripped of trees to supply paper for the tremendous amount of paperwork. The martyr for this religion is the Earth's population, saints and thieves included, who sacrifice their food, clothing, shelter and, ultimately, themselves, on the gantrys at Cape Kennedy so that three wise men may journey to the nearest star, look back upon the little golf-ball, declare themselves and all mankind to be brothers under the skin, and putt the ball into the next hole. Such sacrifice as necessary having been made, our celestial apostles are free to go forth to all the corners of the Universe to spread the gospel: that the unpolluted wastelands of the planets shall indeed be blessed with the civilizing influence of sophisticated waste products and Lunatics.

Truly, this new decade she-weth new promise.

In circo romano

or

Sunday at the Superbowl

Viewers of last Sunday's Super-session were offered more than just a routine football game. The half-time interval was filled with a rather novel and curious display, revealing a good deal more than was probably intended.

Main feature of the break was a genuine re-enactment of the Battle of New Orleans, "in honour" of the host city. While the band offered its musical salute to the city, the two opposing armies rolled onto the field in full battle dress.

The respective forces took their sides, the crowd roared and the show began. Massive cannons bellowed, rifles volleyed and bayonets stabbed as the 500 or so participants gave their all, reeling and writhing in simulated death throes.

Amidst the din could be heard the announcer's colourful play-by-play; first extolling the bravery of these men who died for their country, then informing us of the "relevance of this particular battle, which allowed the westward expansion of our great nation," and finally conjuring up visions of America the Beautiful, free at last to provide Liberty and Justice for all.

The epic ended with the conquering heroes driving the Beastly British right off the field, much to the fans' delight. As the flag was raised, and the dead carried from the field, the vital statistics were announced: and the original credibility gap established:

British: 1733 dead, 800 wounded.

Americans: 7 dead, 11 wounded.

The entire event was aptly wrapped up with the post-game comments of announcer, Jack Whitaker. He spoke of the game as a triumph for Middle America with both teams, Minnesota and

Kansas City, representing areas lacking the "glitter of New York or the glamour of Los Angeles". It was a reasonable conclusion.

Such being the case, could this also be the triumph of the Middle America that justifies, even revels in, violence as a legitimate means to an end? The Middle America which derives vicarious satisfaction from the violence of mass spectator sports, television, and perhaps, life.

The middle America which could sit and applaud the glorified half-time show ingredients of death and destruction.

The apparent attraction of the crowd to Sunday's spectacular half-time show could well lead to future efforts along the same lines.

The heroic recreation of the Civil War would provide suitable half-time entertainment for the annual North-South game. The simulated dropping of an atomic bomb on Hiroshima would no doubt serve to entertain Hula Bowl fans. Spectators at the yearly Mississippi-Alabama clash could not help but be thrilled by the re-enactment of that sorely missed southern tradition — the slave auction.

The use of real soldiers, ammunition and casualties might add yet another dimension to the spectacle. For instance, the actual beating of hippie demonstrators, massacring of remaining Indians and shooting of ghetto blacks could well become spectator sports in themselves.

Sponsorship could readily be found with General Motors, General Dynamics, Lockheed Aircraft and Olin-Matheson Munitions.

The half-time void might likely be filled with the historic re-creation of a football game.

Josh Fried

Letters...

(Continued from page 4)

the Executive Editor himself. Although Mr. Neiderhoffer has been on the Martlet Staff for three years, he is no genius at publishing a paper. I must admit, however, that he knows where to find whatever he might wish to use.

As a PGSS Councillor, I am in favour of having a Martlet but one under the Editorial Direction of Mr. Gordon Desbarats, at least on a trial basis.

Hanna Powers B.N. II

Anybody for jogging?

Sir, For too many years now the Montreal Transportation Commission has held a captive population of university students. Commuting five days a week students have had to pay full adult fare, fare which has risen to thirty-five cents cash, (thirty cents for a ticket).

This is wrong and unfair for a number of reasons. Firstly day students do not have regular jobs — indeed many do not have part time jobs. This eats into the savings of the weekend work-

er (savings that could have gone for his tuition) or else cuts into the pocketbook of the supporting parent — parents who between tuition and taxes are often under considerable financial strain without the added burden of adult bus fares.

As considerably less than half the University undergraduates own cars, most are affected by the M.T.C.'s rates. Night students, who often hold only subsistence jobs, have to use three or four of these expensive tickets a day. Commuters by train or cab have another expense tacked on to their already considerable transportation costs.

Why should undergrads who are not making full-time money pay full-time fare? High School students pay less than one third the price of adults though they too often hold weekend and summer jobs. The only difference between the teenybopper and undergrad is age — the income is the same.

University students aren't the only ones treated unfairly by the bus lines. Old age pensioners, living on \$109 a month, are also expected to pick up the tab.

A reasonable student fare (e.g. 20c cash, 15c a ticket) should be instituted. People over 65 should be allowed to ride free between the hours of 9 AM and 3 PM. Student I.D. cards should be acceptable for reduced prices only during the twenty-six weeks during which classes are held and only between Monday and Friday.

What can you do about this injustice? You can pay your thirty-five cents, brother — in pennies. That's right, drop thirty-five coppers into the box. You are not breaking any laws and are paying in full, legal Canadian tender. This article is being published simultaneously at McGill and Sir George Williams Universities. The protest week will be held between January 26 and Feb. 1. Please join the cause. Besides idealism there is plain cold cash involved here. Tell your old folks to drop in their coins — they'll benefit too. Write letters expressing your opinions to the Mayor and Town Council. Shake off your apathy and shake out your piggy bank. Come on Georgians, McGillers, and Pensioners; let's come together right now. Mark Harris

today

RED & WHITE REVUE '70: Tickets on sale for this year's production 'NO'. Union box office 9 am - 5 pm.

CHESS CLUB: General meeting. Union B24, 1-3 pm.

PLUMBERS' BALL: Tickets will be sold today in the McConnell lobby, 1-2 pm.

PROGRESSIVE CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATION: Important executive meeting. Union 123, 1-2 pm.

OLD MCGILL '70 GRAD PHOTOS: At Coronet Studios 758 Sherbrooke W. 'Till Jan. 27 only. Make appointments outside Room B44 Union.

INTERNAL AFFAIRS: Discotek - Calypso, reggae, soul, beer, rum, punch. Union Coffee Lounge, 8:30 pm. Cost \$5.50.

SOCIOLOGY STUDENTS' UNION: Crucial meeting to discuss future directions. Union Rm. 327, 1-3 pm.

CUSO MCGILL Information: 3625 Aylmer, Yellow Door. 12:30 - 2 pm.

ISLAMICS: Friday prayers. Rm. 307 Union. 1:15-1:45 pm.

STUDENTS OF OBJECTIVISM: Those interested in forming a S.O. study group, please contact Patrick Morrison 486-8780.

FILM SOCIETY: Friday Night Cinema. Truffaut's 'Stolen Kisses'. L132. 6:30 & 9:00 pm.

REDMEN BAND: Important executive meeting on Sunday - all members wishing to aid in recruiting, come at 3 pm. Union, 12:15 pm.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY: Old girl game 6:30 pm, Winter Stadium.

TRQ: Hamlet. Tickets on sale at Union Box Office.

STUDENT MOVEMENT (ANTI-IMPERIALIST): Mass March:

'Crush the Hochelaga Student Movement'. Outside union, 1 pm.

NEWMAN CENTER: Supper 6 pm followers by skating at Beaver Lake and party. 3484 Peel.

PLAYERS: Auditions for a sandwich theatre production - "Suppressed Desires". Make-up Room, Sandwich Theatre, 12 noon - 2 pm.

PRE-MED SOCIETY: Executive meeting. Rm. 414, 1 pm.

SATURDAY

CURLING CLUB: Mixed curling and intercollegiate men's team tryouts for those interested. Please bring fees. T.M.R. Curling Club, 2-5 pm.

FILM SOCIETY: '400 Blows'. PSCA, 2:30 pm. 'I Even Met Happy Gypsies'. PSCA, 6, 8:15, 10:30 pm.

SAVOY SOCIETY: Orchestra rehearsal, Union Ballroom, 11 am - 1 pm.

SUNDAY

CANTERBURY HOUSE: Holy Communion. 3555 University St. 7 pm.

Frost indicts Bill

by BARB SHAMY

Bill 62 will further isolate the English and French populations in Quebec, according to Stanley Frost.

Dr. Frost, McGill's Vice-Principal (Professional Affairs), was speaking before 1,000 people at a panel discussion held Tuesday at Mount Royal High School to formulate some decisive action on Bill 62.

When the Bill comes into effect there will be nine French and two English school boards on Montreal Island. The boards will be established on a regional basis, leading to individual English schools under the French

boards and French schools under the English boards.

"The achievements made in the past 100 years of English education will be lost," claimed Dr. Frost.

Wendell Sparkes, President of the Provincial Association of Protestant Teachers, and Douglas McVie, District Superintendent of the Protestant School Board of Greater Montreal, were the other members of the panel.

"Bill 62 is a deliberate attempt by Education Minister Guy Cardinal to destroy the English population in Quebec," charged Mr. McVie.



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in **dutchman**

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Sport Shorts

McGill Lugging more than winning

The little known and even littler practiced sport of lugging is about to get a bit of a kick in the pants. The small group of people at McGill who practice the sport have formed a branch of the Avila Luge Club and interested parties are encouraged to contact them through Richard Lighthstone at 875-5511, loc. 21.

Few people know Canada is considered a world power in lugging having won both the men's and women's singles championships at the Kennedy games in 1968. Last year the team of Larry Arbuthnot and Richard Lighthstone placed second in the two-man competition.

There are about one hundred active luggers in Canada with two clubs, Canadair and Avila, operating in Montreal. Participants, who often reach seventy miles-an-hour on a single 50-pound sled, can expect all the thrills of skiing without the lift lines.

Trophy Stolen

For a while, anyway, the Redmen water polo squad was the proud owner of the Herschorn Trophy, awarded for winning the OQAA championships.

The reason that the team no longer holds the Trophy is that during the game against McMaster McGill used an ineligible player: Mike Florian.

Florian's ineligibility wasn't brought to light until two weeks after the final game. The infraction was discovered by the Sir George Williams athletic director. After his announcement McGill and the rest of the teams in the OQAA were informed that the Redmen would forfeit the Trophy to McMaster.

Florian is ineligible because he is repeating his year. Although he transferred from Sir George to McGill the repetition of the year bans him from any intercollegiate competition in the OQAA.

The rule was unknown to both Coach Fouad Kamal and Florian.

The general feeling on the squad was summed up by one of the players: "We won. We beat McMaster and Toronto and that's all that counts."

JV's unlike Redmen in 13-0 massacre

Wednesday night at the Winter Stadium the Indians played their best hockey of the season in embarrassing the Macdonald version of a junior team by the score of 13-0.

Bob LeBrecque paced the baby Redmen

with a hatrick, while Howard Balloch and Dane Baily fired a pair of goals past a much harassed Mac goalie. Fred Steer, Ken Kabback, Richard Sponder, Don Jamieson, Colin Kuger, and Uldis Auders added singletons in the course of the rout. The JVs display their wares again this Tuesday as they travel to CMR.

Tournament Highlights Squash Activity

Three universities will compete at McGill this Saturday, January 17th, in a triangular invitational squash meet.

The round robin event is scheduled to begin at 10:00 am at the Sir Arthur Currie Gym. Competing teams include York University, Colby College from Maine and host McGill Redmen.

Coach Dubeau's McGill team lineup will be: 1. Colin McIntosh; 2. Blake Lowden; 3. Rick Willis; 4. Andy Wood; 5. Mike Martin; 6. Jonathan Schwartz; and 7. Andy Turczynski.

The Province of Quebec Team Championships will be held Friday, Saturday and Sunday at the M.B.S.C. and so that the McGill entry will have an active weekend of competition.

McGill Hosts Second Quebec Swim Meet

On Saturday, January 17, the second Coupe de Quebec Swim Meet for the season will be held at the Sir Arthur Currie Gym, Memorial Pool starting at 1:30 pm.

In a previous contest, McGill amassed 339 points followed by Laval with 217 points and University of Montreal with 31 points. Sir George Williams University are the defending Champions of the Coupe de Québec Swimming honours.

Heading the list of Coach Fouad Kamal's McGill Swimmers are John Hawes, Rainer McGuire, Richard Zachowski, Ron Nesbitt, Dave Johnson, Tom Johnson, Bob Bourne, Hugh Mitchel and Cameron McGuire.

The third meet in the Coupe de Québec Series will be held on February 7.

COMING EVENTS:

Fri. Jan. 16	College Circuit Ski Meet (Slalom)	at Mont Blanc 11 a.m.
	Hockey Sr. McGill	at Ottawa 8.15 p.m.
	Hockey J.V. McGill	at Loyola 8.15 p.m.
	Basketball McGill	at Queen's 8.15 p.m.
Sat. Jan. 17	Swimming (Coupe de Québec)	at McGill 1.30 p.m.
	Squash Invitational	at McGill 10:00 a.m.
	Hockey Sr. Carleton	at McGill 2.30 p.m.
	Hockey J.V. McGill	at C.M.R. 8.00 p.m.
Tues. Jan. 20	Basketball Sr. Loyola	at McGill 8.15 p.m.
	Basketball J.V. Loyola	at McGill 6.15 p.m.
Wed. Jan. 21	Hockey Sr. C.M.R.	at McGill 8.00 p.m.

HILLEL DRAMA GROUP ORGANIZATIONAL MEETING

For all those interested in acting there will be a meeting to organize the Hillel Drama Group. Come and bring your ideas.

Hillel House
3460 Stanley

Tues., Jan. 20
8 p.m.

4th year BSc's

URGENTLY NEEDED FOR OVERSEAS TEACHING ASSIGNMENTS

info: 3625 Aylmer
Tuesdays, Fridays, 12:30 - 2:00

Mini-Market

These ads may be placed in the advertising office at the University Centre from 10 am to 4 pm. Ads received by noon appear the following day. Rates: 3 consecutive insertions - \$2.00; maximum 20 words. 10¢ per extra word.

FOR SALE

MR. TYPEWRITER HAS MOVED and urgently needs more space. Must liquidate 100 machines, fully guaranteed electors, manuals - \$25.00 and over. Student discounts. Repairs and rentals. 4910 Sherbrooke West (near Victoria) 487-5551.

1 PR. SKIS, 190 cm release cable binding, good condition, \$20.00. Also ski boots size 10, excellent condition, \$30.00. Peel location. Contact 392-5131 days; 843-6456 evenings.

FURNITURE FOR SALE. Beds, mattresses, sofas, chests, of drawers, tables, chairs. Cheap \$5-10. A big refrigerator, \$35. Phone 277-0500.

TICKETS FOR HAMLET - Un Collage Radical. At Union Box Office and Moyse Hall. January 21, 22, 23, 24 - 8:30 pm. Théâtre Radical Québécois.

VOLVO - 1445, 1968 automatic, winterized, carefully driven to 2,000 miles. Impeccable condition, 288-3593.

IAN CARRUTHERS: "SNOWLINE LIFE-LINE" \$1.00. New poems available at McGill Bookstore, Mansfield, Bookends and Browsers.

HOUSING

DESPERATELY LOOKING for 2 room apt. with large kitchen \$60 or less in McGill area. Contact Jonathan and Ann. Union 847 Ext. 43

GIRL TO SHARE or subject downtown apartment. Own bedroom semi-furnished \$77.50 monthly. Call Karen 935-2325. After 6:00 P.M.

LORNE AND ST. FAMILLE. Apts. and rooms; kitchen facilities, furnished, heated and hot water 484-4274.

4 HARPU STUDENTS desire either one 2 bedroom, or two 1 bedroom apt. inexpensive, near McGill for Jan. 23-26. Call Barry 607-798-3828. Collect!

McGILL GRADUATES' COOPERATIVE RESIDENCE has vacancies (double rooms) \$70 monthly. Includes six dinners weekly and graduates welcome. Adjacent to campus. 3609 University. 844-6802. Sense of humor required.

BEAUTIFUL FURNISHED ROOMS. 75 dollars monthly, on St. Famille near Milton. Kitchen privileges. Ring George Molnar; 931-5260 anytime.

NEED IMMEDIATELY 5 1/2 or larger, 3 people, central, \$100-\$130 max. Phone Renee, Dorothy 845-5692 after 6:30 pm.

ROOM AVAILABLE in large House. Durocher St., \$70. Call 849-2071 after 8 pm.

HUTCHISON: 3 1/2 unfurnished. Modern high-rise. Swimming Pool, sundeck, very reasonable. Call 843-4571.

LOW RENTALS desperately needed or else! For details, see Hamlet - Un Collage Radical, January 21, 22, 23, 24 - 8:30 pm Moyse Hall.

LOST

LOST: CAROL BOWER in vicinity of 51st Avenue, Lachine. If found, please return to 377 Thorncrest. (I love you Leibchen.)

MISCELLANEOUS

M.O.C. FIRST SKI TRIP! This coming Sunday at Mt. Echo. Tickets on sale at Union Box office until Fri 1 P.M. \$6.00 (members) includes transportation, lift ticket and lesson. Bus leaves Roddick Gates at 7:30.

FRENCH, SPANISH, GERMAN Instruction. 32 hours audio-lingual. Instruction complete \$38.00. Hansa Language Centre 843-5115.

SKI-AMI SKI 1/2 PRICE at Sutton, Jay, Oxford, Glen, Ayers, Sun Valley and 25 other mountains. Call Mike at 737-2711.

FREE ROOM AND BOARD for light evening rental services. Private bathroom, T.V., telephone. 10 minutes from McGill. Call Ken. 937-8800, 935-0389.

NILS, NILS, MY LOVE, at last you have opened your heart to me. Do not fear I'm impregnable. Your peasant admirer, Guppy.

ATTENTION NILS Brunson: Please contact Paul Tacchi. Call 845-0744 any time after six P.M.

LONDON - \$199 return, May 15 - Sept. 4 1970. For information call 392-3007.

MANFIELD TAVERN UPSTAIRS. Charcoal hamburgers 25 cents or 5 for \$1.00; 2-7 pm. Free juke box.

ENGINEERING SKI CLUB - Slip, slide, up and down all weekend long. Also ski Mont St. Anne. Jan. 17-18. All for \$17-22. Deposit: \$8.00. McConnell 624.

WILL ASSIST in maths, science or engineering courses. Honours graduate. Ring 849-5083 after 7 pm. Keep trying.

ATTRACTIVE SIAMESE FEMALE wishes to meet virile Siamese male. Object: Kittens. Willing to share. Call 288-5586.

MISCELLANEOUS

BASS PLAYER seeking hard, heavy group or serious musicians wishing to form same. Call 843-4176. Keep trying.

NILS: Don't pick peasants! Happy Jose's Clientele Meat Finest Government-Inspected (vaccinated) Imported Wetbacks. Satisfy your taste. (Experienced in unnatural acts).

WANTED: Male identical or non-identical twins, dead or alive. Reward \$5. Call 392-8010.

DR. BENJAMIN SPOCK to speak Feb. 6, 8 pm. \$2.50 at door. Advance tickets \$2.00. See Norma, Room 1207, McIntyre.

HANK - A real group. Jeff, Bruce, Rich, Gord, Al. Great for frats, parties, dances. REAL MUSIC ENTERPRISES. Bookings - 631-0355, 631-8041.

SINCERE ZEN DISCUSSION and practice. Zen Buddhism is discussed in relation to living as humanely and freely as possible. And Zen practice is open to those who would like to learn more of Buddhism in an accessible form. 931-7819.

STUDENT FROM FRANCE will tutor French. Any level. Keep trying 842-5920 from 7 pm to 12 pm.

FILM WORKSHOP MEETING Monday January 19 at 8:00 pm. Bring all your films. Merry New Year and Happy Hannukah. Union 327.

RIDES

CARS FOR DELIVERY to Western Canada U.S.A. Maritimes, and Toronto. Westerr Drive Away. 932-6151. Gas allowance 122¢ St. Marc. Suite 1204.

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TYPING SERVICE. Fast. Accurate. Reasonable Rates. Term papers; stencils; letters; etc. Also bookkeeping, dictaphone. 481-2512.

TYPING - College graduate will type thesis or term papers - French or English. Electrical type - Call 653-4190.

QUALIFIED TYPIST available - call 731-9988.

WANTED

KEYPUNCHERS WANTED. Earn good wages doing keypunch work in your spare time. All you need to know is how to type; we will teach you and provide equipment. Apply 2nd floor 1009 Sherbrooke St. West.

SEWING MACHINE WANTED: (Present for wife). Ziz zag or straight stitch Singer or other known brand. John Lewis, 392-4493. Eves. 849-9840.

TUTORS NEEDED. Able to tutor "new math" at high school level. \$4.50 per hour. 1109 Sherbrooke W. 12-2 pm. M.S.E.A.

ASPIRING AND ACTRESSES required for film to be shot in and around Montreal during February and March. Some experience an asset. Write Uranus Pictures, Box 184 Montreal North Station, Montreal 459. Only interested people need apply.

AN END to colonial economic and cultural oppression in Quebec. For McGill's role see Hamlet - January 21, 22, 23, 24 - 8:30 pm - Moyse Hall. Théâtre Radical Québécois.

Drug...

(Continued from page 1)

Building Manager Frank Costi gave his opinion of the new regulations.

"I've caught people smoking but I don't stop them," he declared. "However, when I find anyone pushing meth, acid, or heroin, or 'mainlining' in the building, they're barred from the Union for life."

SSU...

(Continued from page 1)

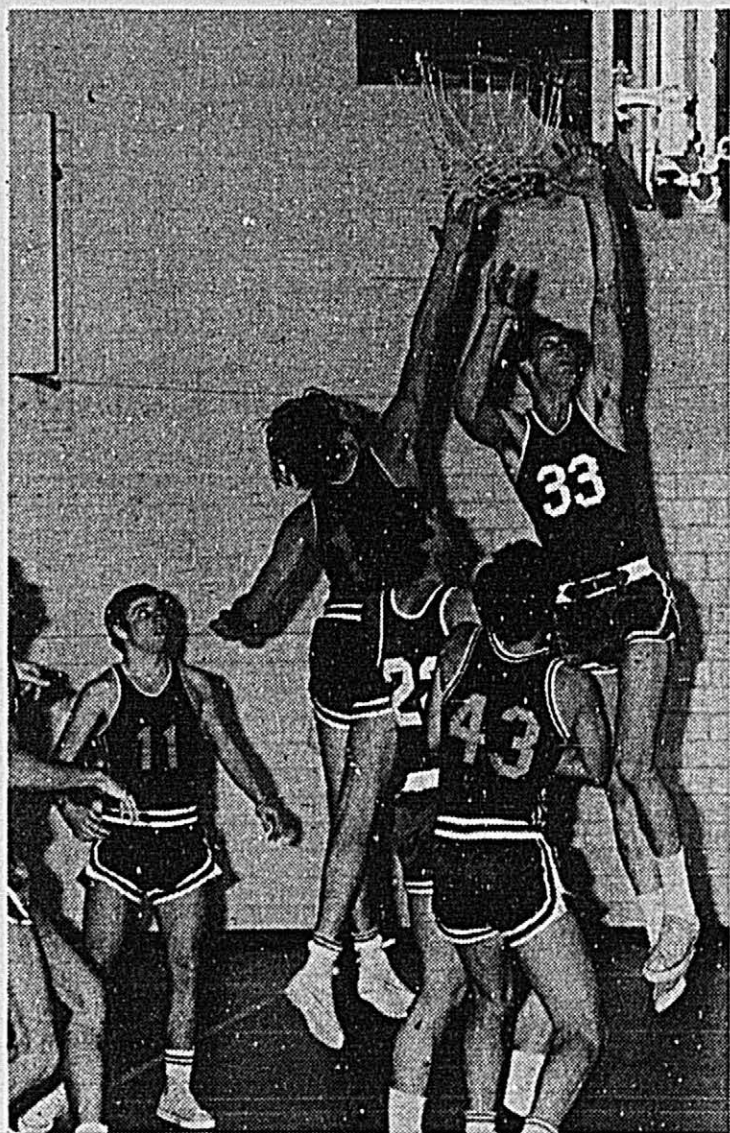
matter for consideration by the joint body.

Today's meeting will also discuss the crucial issue of course content.

Student leaders claim that democratization has not affected courses content, and they will discuss other means of securing reform.

The present sociology crisis represents the first serious crisis in a department body with student representation since several departments were reconstituted in 1968.

Winter Redmen source of disappointment



Pucksters embarrassed by Laval; seek redemption in weekend game

by MIKE KAZAKOFF

In their last outing, against the Laval Rouge-et-Or, the Redmen pucksters played, as usual, only 20 to 40 minutes of hockey. Unfortunately, in the first 20 minutes of the game they forgot what it was all about and managed to give away three goals — a lead they found insurmountable in the last two periods.

Improved play in the last 40 minutes with goals by Alec Manson and Stu Hamilton was only good enough to make the score respectable. Respectability, however, counts only for a big zero in the league standings. And the standings, at this point, find the Redmen in second-to-last place — a none too enviable position.

The only reason for the team's lack of success so far is that they refuse to play 60 minutes of solid hockey. Coach Gilmour's pertinent comment rings all too true. "They have to get embarrassed before they begin to play well." While I admit that getting embarrassed before the handful

of spectators that shows up for the games isn't easy, this year's edition of the Redmen is doing a masterful job.

Extreme inconsistency is about the only way to describe them. They manage to keep the coach and fans bouncing back and forth like yoyos. The team can handle nearly all the opposition in the league, if they want to. In nearly every contest, they go out and manhandle the opposition for a considerable part of the game. The rest of the time they lie back and take it in the ear. After a while, that can get frustrating for both fans and players.

What surprises me is that the team doesn't get a little tired of themselves playing patsies. One taste of a hard-earned victory would probably seem pretty good to them. But then I've been wrong before.

A look at the statistics reveals some very interesting facts. It seems the line of Kerner, Barrow, and Roxburgh has

been carrying most of the load. Each of them has been on the ice for a total of plus 10 goals. That is, that line has scored ten more goals than the opposition has scored against them. The other two lines are on the minus side of the ledger. That tells you pretty quickly who has been doing what, if they've been doing anything at all.

A break-down of the times of the goals scored against the team is as follows: 1st period — 15 goals; 2nd period — 19 goals; 3rd period — 10 goals. In other words, the Redmen waltz around for the first forty minutes while the opposition fires in most of their goals. Then they come out in the third period to play hockey — a little too late to think about victory but good enough to make it close. Not exactly what one calls a winning approach is it?

As well, four goals have been scored against the team in the first minute of a period, three of them in the first. In other words, the Redmen have been behind 1-0 in three games before one minute had elapsed. It takes them a little while to warm up.

Hoopsters struggle for playoff berth

by IRA TURETSKY

The Redmen basketball team finds itself entering the most important part of the schedule with what appear to be rather dubious qualifications to meet the impending trials.

On Wednesday, the Redmen lifted their record to 6-5 with a poorly fashioned 84-76 victory over the MacDonald College Clansmen, in a game played in Ste Anne.

Outside of a strong (19 points and 12 rebounds) performance from sophomore Howard Roseman, there was little reason for optimism generated by Wednesday's contest. MacDonald is not a strong team, but they gave the Red and White more trouble than a good team should have. In fact, the victory was due more to the calibre of the opposition than to anything the Redmen did.

From all standpoints it was a bad night. In the middle of the first half, it seemed that the Redmen were on the verge of burying Mac. They held an eight point lead and had the ball. However, the scorer discovered that Phil Thompson's name had been omitted from the scorebook. The ensuing technical foul was converted, and the Clansmen followed it with a basket, making it a close game. At the half, the Redmen led 40-35.

In the third quarter, Pierre Brodeur sustained an ugly cut above his left eye, as a result of a tackle that escaped the officials' notice. At this point, the first aid kit was nowhere to be found. Five minutes and two bright red towels later the kit was found, and Brodeur was sent back into combat.

Perhaps the ancient art of bleeding had some merit, since Brodeur began to play reasonably well after the injury.

With Brodeur, Roseman and Chad Gaffield doing the bulk of the scoring, the McGill contingent opened up a 15 point lead. Having thus exhibited their talents for three grueling minutes, the Redmen lapsed back into somnambulism. The Clansmen were not content to let sleeping dogs lie, and were rude enough to try to win the game. They closed to within four points before three Brodeur baskets put it out of reach.

Brodeur was the team's leading scorer with 23, while Roseman, Gaffield with 15, Mike Reid with 10 and Bill Holt with 10 also hit double figures. Jim Guild had 29 points for the Clansmen.

The Queen's Obstacles

Now the Redmen are faced with the task of gaining a spot in the OQAA playoffs. The immediate obstacles are the Queen's University Golden Gaels, who happen to be in first place in the Eastern Division.

The Gaels are 3-0 in league play having disposed of Laval twice and Ottawa once. Neither of those two teams are very strong or even moderately weak, but the scores indicate that the Gaels have a good scoring-punch and depth. They whipped Laval 119-23 and 105-31, and they downed Ottawa 76-40.

Queen's will again be led by Ron Walsh, but they also have good height with 6-6 Paul Howard, 6-5 Barry Beale and 6-3 Bob Wright.

Right now, the Redmen hopes ride on a total team effort. When they play as a team, the Redmen are a fast moving, good shooting scrappy group. However, this type of play has been sustained for an entire game only twice. In both cases, the team won impressively, but those were the only two cases.

Coach Mooney has admitted that "We aren't going to overpower the good teams. We will have to beat them on team play and determination." Mooney is right; not only will the Redmen have to scrap, hustle and run, but they will have to avoid their rather distressing tendency of coming apart in tight situations.

The team was particularly hurt by the loss of Bob Beaupre, but his rather inexperienced replacement, the erstwhile Mr. Roseman has looked impressive in both of his starting assignments. If Holt, Brodeur et al play the way they can, they could beat Queen's.

After tonight's game, the Redmen return to host Loyola on Tuesday night at 8 pm. The Warriors are a strong squad and have already beaten the Redmen. Following that will be a rematch with Queen's, in the Gym on Friday, Jan 23.

The next three games not only provide the Red and White with tough opposition, but they are important as well. The previous games against good teams came in exhibitions or tournaments which count for prestige only.

Next week will tell the story as far as the Redmen are concerned. If the team is going anywhere the players will have to consolidate their efforts, and that contingency is entirely up to them.

This week-end, however, the Redmen have a glorious opportunity to redeem themselves. Friday night they play the University of Ottawa Gee-Gees in the capital before returning to host the Carleton Ravens at the Winter Stadium at 2:30 pm Saturday.

The team is healthy but will be missing Dave Roxburgh due to academic commitment. His place will be filled by either Joe Brown or Tim Kerrigan.

Both previous meetings with these two teams were close losses, 3-2 and 4-2 respectively. Although leading the league neither of them looked really strong on their earlier trips to McGill. However, to emerge from these encounters with four points, the Redmen will have to be more consistent than they have been up to now.

If the team doesn't find a winning way in the next two days, the last part of the season will seem a lot longer than it really is.

Eastern Division Hockey Standings

	W	L	F	A
LAVAL	4	3	31	26
CARLETON	4	0	32	5
OTTAWA	4	1	20	19
MONTREAL	4	2	31	20
MCGILL	1	5	18	25
QUEEN'S	0	6	11	48